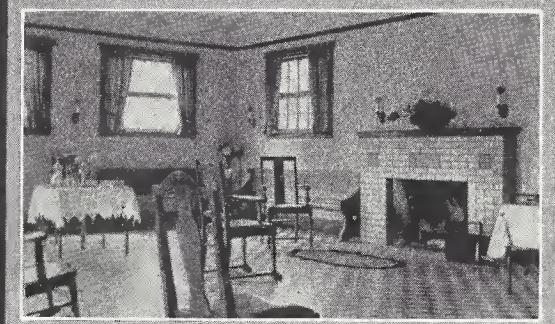


EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.



1928



Cyrena Van Gordon

An American opera star, as the beautiful
Amneris, "daughter of all the Pharaohs"

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THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY
WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

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Aida

Produced First in Cairo in 1871; in New York in 1873 and in London in 1876.

*"At last united; all our troubles over,
Ah, my beloved, let us die together!"*

By JESSIE McDIARMID

THE nearest point where most of the readers of this magazine may hear Grand Opera sung is Denver. And as we write this, our opera story for May, two operas are being presented there by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. "Aida," which we retell here, and "Resurrection." Perhaps were we asked to choose only one of these we should choose to hear Mary Garden in "Resurrection" because no one who has lived even the semi-detached life of a student or the locality-absorbed life of a worker in the city of Mary Garden could fail to have some of that city's tremendous admiration for this most charming Scottish born, French speaking American opera star. But scarcely would we expect others to choose with us when it were possible to hear the acknowledged grandest of all grand operas.

And here more than at any other time during our studies we could wish that we were able to interpret the music in some measure as we ask Rhadames to march again at the head of his triumphant cohorts and listen again to the blare of trumpets and the crash of cymbals; and again to the sweet insistent tones of the violin as it carries its message of love. Love jealous and cruel. Love admiring and graceful. Love despairing like Aida's but like hers triumphant even in death as she accepts a horrible end rather than be parted from her lover and quiets his protests at her sacrifice with her:

*"At last united, all our troubles over,
Ah, my beloved, let us die together!"*

Musically Aida is superb and surely in the story

of Camille du Locle and Antonio Ghislanzoni place is offered for the most flexible and stupendous expression, dramatic with war and war's intrigues; with manhood demanding of life a place to prove his worth, his right to ask for the love of the girl he admires; a queenly slave in love with an enemy and betrayed by a princess' jealousy; a father's anxiety for his only daughter and a many times defeated nation's battling. It deals with heroic times and primitive passions and is one of the finest stories ever written for an operatic composer's vehicle for his musical themes.

The Story

THIS is a love tale and has for its setting the Court of the Pharaohs at a time when Egypt was at constant strife with the neighboring land of Ethiopia. The reigning Pharaoh had a daughter, Amneris, who numbered among her favorite waiting women a beautiful Ethiopian girl, Aida, who had been brought from her native land as part of the spoils of a recent war. She was Amneris' slave but was really the equal of her mistress in that she was the daughter of Amonasro, King of Ethiopia. However, she feared to let this be known in Egypt lest it bring her disfavor or lead her father into some trickery of war. Then, too, Rhadames, Captain of the Egyptian Guards, who was admired by the daughter of Pharaoh and was often received by her, showed that he loved the slave Aida. And Aida, against her will, loved Rhadames, gallant and handsome.

In the Egyptian city of Memphis where the story opens there was tremendous excitement.

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Jessie McDiarmid, Editor

Word has been received that the Ethiopians were leading an attack. Attacking the strong armies of Pharaoh. And formerly the smaller countries had but fought to defend themselves!

High excitement reigned. A sacred festival was held and prayers were said to Isis, a favorite god, who was to announce through her priests the name of the man who should lead the Egyptian army, which would go out to meet the on-coming enemy. An opportunity for Rhadames! He went to the priests to plead that he might be sent. But he was fair.

"I know there are other officers in the army as worthy. But I have a special reason for wanting to go. However, I am ready. I serve my country as you wish, at the head of her army or as a private soldier."

The High Priest was pleased. He smiled approvingly. He knew that Rhadames had already been chosen but he was not yet free to announce it. The god, Isis, must do that. But Rhadames guessed that he was to be honored and began to dream of the reward he would ask of the king should he be successful in battle.

And as he thought of the beautiful slave girl, Aida herself came in. But she was not alone. Princess Amneris, Pharaoh's daughter, was with her. And Amneris, too, loved Rhadames! And since she was the daughter of a king she might choose the man she wished to marry. She had favored the young captain and now asked him what made him look so happy.

"I was hoping Princess, that I may be favored with the generalship of the army."

"But you've been away a lot recently."

"I'm better suited to army life than the doings of court," he replied. "And besides if the gods grant me victory I may ask a favor of my king."

"He could deny you nothing—even even one of his own household," said Amneris.

But instead of listening to her Rhadames was looking lovingly at Aida. And poor Aida wept. She loved Rhadames and he went to fight her father's army. And she suspected that the army came to rescue her.

Cold fury held Amneris when she realized that the man she admired really loved her slave. But she hid her feelings and asked Aida why she wept.

"It is because of all this war," said Aida, "why must we be always fighting?"

The officer was unhappy. He sensed the Princess' wrath and he was too honest to easily conceal his feelings or to pretend an acceptance of the Princess' admiration. A blare of trumpets put an end to the trying situation. The king was coming. Soldiers, priests and pages preceded him. A brilliant scene. Then in came Pharaoh.

"A messenger has just arrived. The Ethiopians have already crossed our borders and King Amonasro is himself leading the army."

"Amonasro!" cried Aida. But no one heard her in the general question, the noise.

"Hear, my people," said the King. "It is my will that my army set out to meet the invaders at break of day tomorrow. Aid Isis has chosen your leader and blessed him. There he stands!"

He points to Rhadames.

Poor Aida. Her lover and her father to meet in battle!

But a cheer, a mighty cheer was given. Rhadames was a favorite.

The Captain bowed before the King.

"May the gracious goddess follow us to victory." No idle boasting here.

"Let us go and consecrate our banners in the temple."

The royal Princess stepped forward to congratulate the new general. "I go to the Temple too



Giuseppe Verdi, Italian musical composer who wrote *Aida*, the grandest of all Grand Operas. Born 1813; died in Milan, January 27, 1901, at the age of eighty-eight.

and you must receive the standards from my hand. And when you return you may ask of my father what you will."

Rhadames thanked her courteously. But again his looks of affection were for the slave girl. Aida was kneeling in prayer. She prayed for the safety of both her father and her lover.

After days of anxious waiting runners came in with the news that Rhadames had completely routed the Ethiopian army and was on his way home with many prisoners.

There was feasting and rejoicing.

But at the royal palace the Princess Amneris was not happy. She was disturbed because of the evidences of her hero's admiration for Aida. Her slaves and attendants fanned her and served her. Some played guitars. Two guards stood at the door. Presently she dismissed them all but Aida.

"Come sit here, near me," she said. "I am sorry

for you. Many of your countrymen have lost their lives. And I too am unhappy amid all the rejoicing."

"Why?" asked Aida.

"Because he who should lead our victorious army—does not return!" And Amneris pretended to weep.

"Rhadames?"

"Yes!" and Amneris bowed as if in sorrow.

Aida could hide her secret no longer. She wept bitterly.

And Amneris had confirmed her suspicions. "Foolish slave! He has not fallen in battle but how dare you presume to be a rival of mine."

Fiercely the angry Princess scolded and threatened to make an example of her.

And Princess Amneris held the lives of her slaves in her hand.

But Aida did not sue for mercy or make promises. "Princess, that I love the noble Rhadames is my misfortune, and do I not suffer enough to know that even now my father may be a prisoner?"

"You will wish that both he and you were slain in battle!" threatened the still angry Princess.

A messenger came from the King summoning them to see the triumphal return of the army and Aida was compelled to go along, attending the Princess, saying as she went:

"Look down, ye gods, on my despair!
Pity my agony!
Now let me die!"

A huge dais had been built. The royal procession entered. The King! Officers of State! Priests! All the pomp and power of Egypt. Next came Amneris attended by Aida and others of her slaves. White robed priests chanted the almost brutal song of victory.

"Glory give to the gods on high!
Tis they who rule our destinies."

Excitement rose high as the advance guard of the army arrived. A program of dancing was going on. More troops arrived. Statues of the gods were carried in.

At last came Rhadames borne in a litter by his officers. The King himself came down from his throne to thank and embrace the victor. The King's daughter placed the crown of laurels on his brow. The King asked what material thing he could give Rhadames. Rhadames asked that first the prisoners be brought forth. And the pitiable group of prisoners were brought. They were strongly guarded. And with them, last of all, entered Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, but with nothing to show his rank. Aida sprang forward and into her father's arms thus drawing the attention of Pharaoh. He had only time to whisper a word of warning when he was summoned before Pharaoh.

"Who art thou?" said Egypt's King.

"I am the father of Aida. I fought for my country. We were defeated, our King was slain. And oh, King Pharaoh, I plead for these, my fellow prisoners. I care not for myself, but spare the lives of these."

While her father plead, Rhadames looked tenderly at the agitated Aida and presently approached Pharaoh to ask for his gift. Not only the lives but the freedom of these prisoners! The court was startled. The priests protested. But Rhadames renewed his request.

"There is no danger. Now that their King is dead they will battle no more. Let them go."

And King Pharaoh granted his request. The prisoners were to be released—except the father of Aida and Aida herself.

"And further," said Pharaoh, "I give you a reward for which you have not asked: the hand of my daughter in marriage; and when I die you shall reign in my stead!"

The throng shouted its approval and in its joy and the triumphant song of Amneris, did not see the dejection of Rhadames or of the slave Aida.

On the night before her marriage, the Princess went again to the Temple of Isis. It was the preliminary rite of the wedding ceremony. She went in state with the High Priest. And the banks of the Nile were beautiful beyond compare, in full moonlight with groves of palms, and the Temple almost hidden by trees.

In the rear of the train was Aida and she lingered in the shadow of a temple column hoping she might see Rhadames as he too made his oblations. But the man she saw approaching was Amonasro!

"Father — — you?" she whispered.

"Yes, I," he said, taking her tenderly in his arms.

"What do you here?" said Aida, looking anxiously about.

"We are safe for the moment," said her father. "And, my child, I offer you a chance to save your country—and win your own happiness."

"How?"

"The army of Ethiopia was not entirely overcome. Only a portion of it. If we could only learn which route the Egyptians will take when they next march against us."

"But how can I learn that?"

"One man knows. And he loves you. It was for love of you he asked our prisoners' release. He would tell you. He would fly with us."

"But father, I love him. I could not ask him to betray his own people."

"Then he will wed another and you will lose him forever," said the insistent and clever Amonasro.

"Father, please do not tempt me — — and go, here comes Rhadames," said Aida.

He crept behind a pillar as Rhadames came up and found Aida.

"Ah, my loved one!" he greeted her, "I am glad to have found you to say good-bye; tomorrow I must go away. The Ethiopians have risen again and I must go to battle."

"But," faltered Aida, "what about the royal wedding?"

"The royal wedding can wait — — forever," said the young general. "And Aida, if I am again a victor I shall ask another boon of Pharaoh. I care not to be heir to his throne, nor for the hand of his daughter. I shall ask that he name another and give me instead the hand of Aida!"

Aida flushed happily. "But the King would not unsay his words. Fly with me. Take me away tonight."

"And be a traitor to my country? Aida?"

"You would not need to take arms against your country. But we could get shelter in Ethiopia."

The temptation was great. Away was the way to the girl he loved and to avoid a marriage he disliked.

"Tell me," said Aida, "could we not find a safe path toward the south?"

"Yes," he admitted, "my army will march by the Pass of Napata, and we could easily go some other route."

"That's well!" said an unexpected voice as Amonasro stepped out. "Do you take my daughter by some safe route while I put my soldiers to guard the Pass of Napata."

Amonasro had the information he desired.

"You, Amonasro?" said the startled Rhadames. "And Aida, your daughter?"

"Aida is Princess of Ethiopia, and her blood as royal as that of Amneris. Come cast your lot with us, even passively, and the highest honors my country can boast of will be yours."

But still Rhadames hesitated. His horror and despair were dreadful to behold. He had betrayed the route the army was to take! His "Io son disonorato!" rang out in an unforgettable way.

And even as Amonasro insisted there would be no dishonor and Aida plead that he take her away he declared:

"I cannot do this thing!"

A shrill scream broke in.

The traitors! Seize them! Came the cry as Amneris who had overheard the discussion and who was excited to fury by seeing Rhadames and Aida together came out.

Amonasro rushed at her with his drawn dagger but Rhadames put himself between them. Then as the guards came up and Amonasro and Aida fled he stopped the guards from following them. Then he strode proudly to the High Priest saying: "Priest! Arrest me, I am your willing prisoner!"

Rhadames was cast into prison to await his trial before the priests. There were many rumors about his imprisonment. Only the Princess Amneris knew what he'd done and she, unwilling to give him up, planned to use it to her own advantage.

As the trial approached she went to his cell. At her word the guards withdrew respectfully.

"Rhadames, I still love you," she said. "I humble myself to confess it. And I alone can save you. If you will admit publicly that you do not love Aida I will obtain your pardon from the King."

"But I cannot admit a lie. I do love Aida though I did not knowingly betray my country."

"She is beyond your reach now," said Amneris.

"Not dead?"

"No, her father was slain but she escaped."

"May the gods protect her! And as for me, I am ready for my fate."

"Then die," said the scorned Princess and swept from the dungeon.

But once again her anger must have cooled because she was at the door of the Hall of Judgment when presently the court crier droned:

"Rhadames! Rhadames! Appear before the tribunal and answer to the charge of high treason against the State!"

And she shuddered as she heard the charges repeated, charges made on her testimony. And she was still at the door when the sentence was read.

"Rhadames! Rhadames! Kneel and receive your just sentence."

Horror and remorse seized her as she listened. He was to be entombed alive beneath the altar of the Temple.

Traitor! Traitor! thundered the priests.

"Tigers! Demons!" she shrieked. "You are putting to death an innocent man."

But sternly the High Priest commanded silence. "The sentence of the gods is passed and not even the Princess of Egypt can change it."

In the gloomy crypt below the altar of the Temple Rhadames resigned himself to his fate. He was a soldier. And he consoled himself that Aida was safe.

He uttered a prayer for her and even as he spoke a white robed figure stole to him in the gloom.

"Aida!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I. I found means to hide myself and come to you."

"But I would have died willingly for you."

"At last united, all our troubles over,

Ah, my beloved, let us die together!" sang Aida.

And after one last attempt to dislodge the fatal stone that sealed their prison they sank to rest upon a huge grey stone, clasped in each others arms while Aida sang and a little air was left to them:

"Lo! where some angel hither flies

From yonder azure dome!

Ah, yes, 'tis death in friendly guise

Who comes to lead us home."

And above in the Temple the priests of Isis chanted a sacrificial song.

And over the stone of the crypt there crouched a desolate figure. It was Amneris "daughter of all the Pharoahs." Broken hearted, realizing now the magnitude of the harm her pride and selfishness had wrought she could still pray: "Oh Isis, grant peace to the soul of my beloved: peace in thy heaven for evermore."

Perhaps, blessed in their death together, Amneris' prayer was answered.

Run of the Mine

The Plight of Soft Coal

"The story of bituminous coal is an oft-repeated history that runs from crisis to crisis. For a time the industry goes its unobtrusive way; the consumers have little trouble in filling their bins, the operators lord it over their private domains, the mine-workers do such work as they can find for such wages as they can get, and the public takes no interest in so obvious a thing as coal. Then the veil of peace is torn aside, and the industry is for the moment endowed with a grave public interest.

"The strike sets the stage for a dramatic presentation of the great confusion that is coal. Quietly as matters may be taken at first, inevitably the troubles of the bituminous industry break into the headlines, and millions of words, most of them a verbal heritage from previous crises, jump into type. Interested individuals, investigators for organizations, and even representatives of Congress visit the front and bring back stories of a situation much in need of mending. A host of members fill the legislative hopper with bills for intervention, for peace by an act of the state, for a thorough-going revision of the arrangements of the industry.

"But the fundamental reorganization never comes off. Before the voice of the people becomes the will of the legislature some sort of truce is patched up. There may, as in 1922, be an agreement between the mine-workers and the operators in the whole union territory; there may, as in 1916, be separate settlements, district by district; there may, as seems likely in 1927-1928, be surrenders, local agreements, and a continuing guerrilla warfare. But, however it comes about and whatever its terms, peace is made, statutes die in the making, and the disorders of coal cease to be of general concern."

IN THESE words, Professor Walton H. Hamilton, who in 1925, with Helen R. Wright, wrote for The Institute of Economics, Washington, "The

Case of Bituminous Coal," sums up the existing soft coal situation.

Nearly every man in any way connected with the coal industry has made an effort to follow the Senate investigation now under way. The Union leaders failed in their attempt to arouse the White House, relative to the deplorable situation that exists in the eastern mining fields, but the Senate did come in with a bound and the noise made at the hearings held in Washington has attracted a lot of newspaper attention, but it is yet to be seen what will come out of it all; in the opinion of the writer, nothing of a remedial character will appear, on the other hand, we think that the noise will soon die out like the sound of a band marching off into the distance.

That failure must follow the procedure used is only natural, for the reason that each of the three parties engaged, Senators, employers and Unionists, are obsessed with the desire to see who can paint the darkest picture of a dark situation. The real trouble is not in the mines of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, whose officers were for years the close intimate friends of the Union leaders, but instead the crux of the whole Pennsylvania situation lies in the fact that the Union, beginning with the administration of John Mitchell, followed by those of Tom L. Lewis, John P. White, Frank J. Hayes, and lastly John L. Lewis, failed to establish a complete Unionization of the mines in West Virginia, Virginia and Kentucky, and to a lesser extent in Tennessee and Alabama. The Non-Union situation in the west and southwest presents a somewhat different aspect, the elements of oil and gas competition entering largely into the western and southwestern mining problems.

Why did the Union fail to cover the southern mining states referred to? Three compelling factors are responsible for the failure of the U. M. W. of A. to sell itself to the south. Perhaps the outstanding one of these was the ingrained belief of the Union in the theory that the strike, whether run against the individual mine, or in a broader aspect, against the state, district or country, taken as a whole, was the proper and adequate instrument with which to chastise those with whom it failed of agreement. The second factor was the negro mine worker, who is just naturally too easy-going and too good natured to maintain the strike spirit for any material length of time. The third, and perhaps not the least difficulty toward the Unionization of the mines located "South of the Rivers," rests with the southern white worker, who has, out of an ingrained spirit of independence, born of generations of experience in making his own way and living his own life, always looked upon the Union as an institution given to telling him what he must do whether he wanted to do that particular thing or otherwise. That the Union organizer came from the north did not make the acceptance of Union theories any easier, and

the Union must come from the north, its native habitat, if it is to come at all.

In 1920 a Senate Committee, headed by Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, tried to do something for coal and coal labor, as well as the 115,000,000 people who make up America, and who use the coal that the operators and mine workers produce. Senator Frelinghuysen and his associate committeemen conducted their investigation along high lines, no attempt at making political capital was shown and the real fundamental problems surrounding the industry were kept to the front. Senator Frelinghuysen's Committee failed because the operator, yet tasting war prosperity and maintaining a virile and influential organization with plenty of money to spend for propaganda, wanted it to fail. The representatives of the Union, then numerically and financially strong, were likewise more interested in gaining political prestige than a stabilized industry, and so the opportunity for laying the foundation for a stable mine labor relation program was allowed to lapse.

Since 1920 much water has gone over the dam, the Union was then in its height of affluence and power, its officers could go to a New York Trust Company taking away funds in return for the Union's promissory notes. Not so today: Men, women, and children are huddled in wind-swept shacks, two to six in a room, all ages and both sexes, hopelessly intermingled, while undernourishment, inadequate clothing, wet feet and chilled bodies all contribute to illness, degeneracy and death.

On April 1st the work of erecting so-called "barracks" for 600 additional miners' families was under way in Belmont, Jefferson and Hamilton Counties, Ohio, while friendly state officers condemn the barracks idea in these words: "They are preparing to crowd whole families into these two room suites, a situation deplorable for the children."

The Ohio National Guard, an organization generally decried by those who speak for organized labor, but whom the miners now give credit for feeding thousands of hungry children in the stricken districts, advises that the end of their resources will come May 1st unless new contributions are made to the relief fund. These citizen soldiers are credited with carrying food to thousands of women and children daily, often compelled to wade knee-deep through mud, water, slush and snow, to get to the many inaccessible places where these hungry people live.

When all is said and done, the men, women and children, including the young girls of fifteen or sixteen, who it is claimed have been despoiled, will emerge (those who survive) from the welter of misery they are now enduring, older, feebler, in mind, body and soul, and less able to find a new vocation. Neither Mr. Lewis nor any of his people have as yet told a single operator located in

Pennsylvania or Ohio how to keep on paying more for wages, material and taxes, than they can get back for their coal. There are too many mines and too many men trying to seize what market there is. The operator first created this condition, the Mine Workers' Union, with its utter lack of industrial statesmanship, added to and enlarged on an increasingly bad situation. Caesar living and Caesar dead are altogether different persons, and the indifference of the public shown towards the mine workers' plight of today is merely the reflex of the mine workers' own indifference shown the consumers of coal a few years back. Retaliation may not be righteous but the principle is an old one and it is yet used.

There are not less than 150,000 men in the coal industry that must "emigrate," just as several million people have emigrated from European countries in the past sixty years. Men have ever and must ever move to the opportunity, and while 150,000 men represent 25 per cent of the coal man power of the nation, that number would add but three-tenths of one per cent to the 43,000,000 workers outside the industry. The longer these people are kept idle, fermenting and stewing in their pitiful barracks, the more remote becomes the solution. What would have happened to the 4,000,000 who left Ireland for other portions of the world beginning fifty years ago if they had had a Union which built barracks for them and urged them to stay?

Unionism has done much for labor, for society, and we believe that as an institution it will not disappear, whatever betides it, but the present method of conducting unions will perish. Mr. Lewis could make no better appeal to the spirit of fair play, that is inherent in the hearts and minds of America, than that of completely revolutionizing his organization by declaring for its translation into a corporate body, each member to be a stockholder, willing and able to make and thereafter carry out a contract. Instead of railing at law, the nation's police power, etc., let the organization seek sanctuary under and within the law. What has the Union ever gained by exemption from the anti-trust laws? Nothing but the right to strike, and strikes have brought it to its present plight. As a legally organized body, backed by the courts and public opinion, it would not have so many Brophys, Tooahys, Hapgoods and other insurgents, prying the shingles off the roof of the organization in order that disintegration might set in, and new jobs would be created for "the outs."

Careless Handling of Explosives

WITHIN the past few weeks several detonating caps and a number of sticks of permissible explosive have been sent out of our Wyoming mines in loaded pit cars, the explosives found by the men in charge of the work of unloading the coal from the railroad cars. In one instance three

men were injured by the explosion of one of the detonating caps carelessly sent out in a carload of coal.

One half of the trouble that the world experiences is occasioned by "sins of commission," the other half by "sins of omission," the last class of offense chargeable to people who somehow fail to think their way out to the end of the day's task.

That the disregard of safety shown by some of our employes in the handling of explosives is not looked upon lightly by the United States Government, was evidenced by a call made at our Wyoming Headquarters on April 3rd by an inspector from the Bureau of Explosives of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Uncle Sam does not tolerate the loose handling of explosive in interstate traffic, and the Commission has in the past brought certain coal companies and their careless employes sharply to task, by refusing car service to coal mines after explosives had been found in coal sent out for commercial use.

Ten Rules For Success

MR. OTTO H. KAHN, the New York City banker of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., director and officer in many important American business enterprises, a former business associate of the late Mr. E. H. Harriman, and a patron of several educational, cultural and philanthropic endeavors, recently gave out the following ten rules for young people to follow:

1. Eliminate from your vocabulary the word "perfunctory."
2. Think and exercise your brain as you do your business.
3. The most serviceable of all assets is reputation.
4. Use your imagination!
5. Know how to bide your time and sit tight.
6. Be neighborly. Be a good sport. Remember you can't lift yourself by downing others.
7. Work hard. It won't hurt you.
8. Take an active interest in public affairs.
9. Meet your fellow man frankly and fairly. You don't have to go through business armed to the teeth.
10. If you are successful, be patient, courteous and conciliatory. Avoid ostentation.

Mr. Kahn made the further statement that success does not come as a free gift, but like everything else that is worth having, it must be paid for.

With millions of others, we went to church on Easter Sunday last. The clergyman, among other good things, said that religion could not be obtained through "mass production" methods, that the problem was wholly a personal one, to be

thought out, worked out and prayed out by the individual.

Each and every one of the ten recommendations made by Mr. Kahn are in line with the clergyman's statement, they are wholly individualistic. We are not all gifted with quick minds, sound bodies, attractive features or winning mannerisms, but we can as individuals try a little harder to look, to be, to say, and to do, the things that make for individual betterment, and out of the sum of the many efforts so made comes, perhaps not complete success but at least improvement.

Automotive Production in 1927

(From the *New York Times*)

Motor Car Production, 1927.....	3,530,000
Passenger cars	3,066,000
Motor trucks	464,000
Production of closed cars.....	2,452,000
Per cent closed cars.....	80
Wholesale value of cars.....	\$2,190,000,000
Wholesale value of trucks.....	\$366,750,000
Wholesale value of cars and trucks.....	\$2,556,750,000
Tire production	66,000,000
Wholesale value of tires for replacement..	\$595,000,000

Lift—Don't Lean

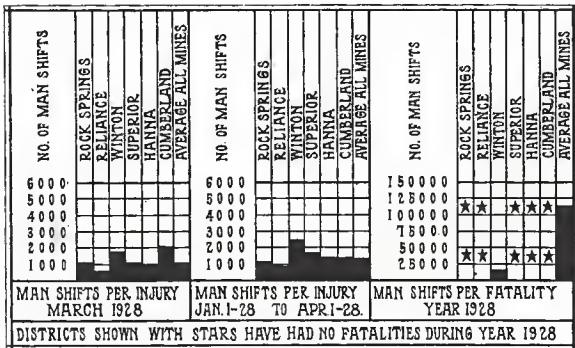
"Men succeed only as they utilize the services and ideas of other men—co-operate."

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Make It Safe

March Accident Graph



For the first time in 1928 we are forced to record a fatal accident, when Louis Guitay, Jr., a miner at No. 7 Mine, Winton, died March 25th as a result of injuries received about five hours previously. Injury was due to a fall of rock, death resulting from shock.

As in 1927, our first fatality occurred in March.

For some unaccountable reason our accident rate for the first three months is entirely too high, and instead of showing a decrease, is apparently increasing each month. For March, one fatal and thirty-four non-fatal accidents were reported. 39,117 man shifts of labor were performed, the average being one accident for each 1,118 man shifts—one of the poorest months we have ever had.

For the first three months in 1927 there were but fifty accidents reported, forty-nine of which were non-fatal and one fatal. The average for this period was 1,991 man shifts per injury. For the corresponding period in 1928, eighty-two accidents have occurred, an increase of 64%, and the average has dropped to 1,385 man shifts per injury.

There is but one answer—carelessness. In reviewing the history of these accidents, the vast majority were easily preventable and were due solely to the lack of care upon the part of the one receiving the injury. If injuries are due to the wrong system it is within the province of the management to change the system, but where the accident results from the mis-application of the proper system, it must be left to the individual workman to furnish the cure.

As mentioned before, this is one of the poorest months so far experienced, each and every district falling down badly. The three months period is also distinctly bad. Let us see if we can't do better for April.

Announcing Annual First Aid Day

A NEW departure will be made this year inasmuch as the annual first aid contest will be held in Rock Springs, Friday, June 8th, preceding the Old Timers' Meeting.

On this date will be held all first aid and mine rescue events, including the Boy and Girl Scouts contest. A full representation will be here from all districts and many valuable prizes will be contested for.

The crack first aid and mine rescue team from Tono will be here and they have served notice that it will not

be necessary to prepare a tie problem this year. News leaking in from Hanna and Cumberland, however, is that the only doubt that exists now is who will carry off the second and third places. Reliance, Superior and Winton are saying nothing, but are sawing the proverbial wood. Teams have started practicing earlier than in preceding years and it is a certainty that all teams will go on the field better prepared than ever before.

Prizes will be more valuable and more desirable than in any preceding meet. First place in the men's first aid and mine rescue events will be awarded by a handsome silver cup as a team prize. This cup will be in the nature of a challenge trophy and will be held by the winning team until the contest next year, then to be surrendered to the winning team. To gain permanent possession of this trophy, it must be won in any district three times. It then becomes the property of the first aid organization. Two hundred dollars in gold will be awarded to the six individual members of the winning team. This money may be spent collectively, or divided among the team.

Second place prize will be twenty dollars in gold to each team member; team placing third, each member will be given a ten dollar gold piece.

All team members will be entertained at the Old Timers' banquet the following day; prizes to be awarded at the Old Timers' entertainment Saturday evening.

The Boy and Girl Scouts will hold forth stronger than ever before. This being the girls' year, the winning girls team will be given a three days outing to Salt Lake City, with all expenses paid. The second place team members will be presented with a fine Scout's sweater. As there will be several teams of small girls who are too little to compete with the older ones, the first and second places among the smaller girls will be suitably awarded by radio-lite wrist watches and Girl Scout uniforms, respectively.

Members of first place Boy Scout teams will each be given a Boy Scout uniform and second place will receive sweaters.

All participating Boy and Girl Scout teams will be entertained at a banquet Friday evening at the Rock Springs Community Hall.

Previous to the meet, all teams will assemble at the First Aid hall, and led by the Reliance-Winton band, and possibly with bands from the other districts, and with the mine rescue teams in their equipment, will march to the First Aid Park. All in all it is expected that it will be one of the most successful meets that we have ever had, and every effort is being made to make the prizes to the winners well worth working for.

First Aid Training at Hanna

Elsewhere in this issue is a letter received by Mr. George B. Pryde, Vice-President and General Manager of this company, from Mr. E. H. Denny of the Bureau of Mines.

This letter from Mr. Denny, a representative of the United States Department of Commerce, clearly indicates the interest that the federal government is taking in this work of accident prevention, and also outlines the work that the car will do in each of our districts.

Since this letter was received, and at the time this is written, the rescue car has arrived in Hanna and has completed its first week of training.

The reception accorded and the manner that the employees are turning out evenings for instruction is most gratifying. Classes of 150 men are being held each eve-

ning, and it is almost an assured fact that by the time the car leaves the field that the training of employees at Hanna will be the high mark set—100 per cent.

It is hoped that other districts will follow the good example set by Hanna and when the rescue car arrives that the fine work will be continued.

First Aid Training in Tono

John G. Schoening, of the Seattle office, United States Bureau of Mines, has been giving First Aid and Mine Rescue training to the men of Tono, having spent the last week of March there with classes in the morning, afternoon and evening.

A few things Mr. Schoening is convinced of: first, that he has seldom seen a finer Joseph A. Holmes Chapter than that in Tono, that its entertainment and educational features are exceptional; second, that if he should ever want to have an argument with his wife he'd ask for the as-



U. S. Bureau of Mines motor car, which is always welcome in Tono.

sistance of debaters Wm. Barber, Dave Gilfillan and A. Rogers, whose eloquence could convince anyone of—well, anything; and third, that should the time ever come when there will be a National First Aid meet for women, the women of Tono will be ready to carry off the honors. In the meantime their co-operation helps the Joseph A. Holmes Chapter and they are looking forward to welcoming a victorious team home after the Inter-Company meet in June.

Mr. Schoening has been visiting Tono for several years and is always welcomed as an old friend.

March Injuries

Miner—FATAL—Was engaged as miner driving entry. A fall of rock occurred, striking him, fracturing leg, and causing some internal injuries. Death was due to shock. Roof had been sounded several times previously, and loose rock had been taken down. Earlier during the shift, the portion that fell, causing the accident, appeared safe and solid.

Miner—In attempting to place sprag in car, caught finger between sprag and wheel, severely bruising it.

Driver—In stepping off loaded trip that he was about to land on parting, he stepped upon a loose piece of coal, slipped and fell, bruising thigh and straining muscles of leg.

Rope-runner—Was pulling loader trip from slope parting. He had signalled the engineer and stepped between cars to uncouple, when car derailed, catching his arm and bruising it between the cars.

Motorman—While coupling motor to moving cars, he caught hand between cars and motor, bruising it.

Unit foreman—Sprained ankle when he slipped and fell on plane.

Machine helper—He dropped jack pipe upon foot, bruising two toes.

Miner—Was working at coal pile. The coal rolled over,

his hand was caught between two pieces, lacerating fingers.

Miner—While lifting a piece of coal into car, piece broke in his hands, part of which dropped on his foot, bruising instep.

Miner—Electrolyte leaking from lamp battery got on hand, causing burns on two fingers.

Miner—While picking at face, small piece of coal flew from pick, point striking him in eye.

Motorman—Was making car block. Ax handle struck chopping block, causing him to strike let hand with ax.

Timberman—While moving "Duckbill" his foot was caught beneath same, two toes on right foot receiving bruises.

Inside Laborer—While drilling face, the auger became wedged in hole, causing machine to rotate. He was struck on arm, fracturing same.

Miner—While taking down loose coal at face, piece of rock fell, striking foot and causing contusions.

Track Layer—Piece of coal fell from rib striking and injuring hand.

Car Repairer—Was temporarily working in lump car under tipple. Coal on which he was standing turned and in order to regain his balance he put hand upon chute. A piece of coal coming down chute struck him, bruising fingers.

Inside Laborer—While assisting in re-railing a car, trip was started and car was pulled against his leg.

Driver—With car in motion, attempted to close latch with foot. Car derailed at switch point, catching right foot and ankle between car and rail.

Timberman—Was coupling cars on curve. He was caught between cars and squeezed about shoulders and chest.

Driver—Was assisting in re-railing motor with a jack. In attempting to place rail under motor, the jack slipped and his hand was caught between rail and motor. Right hand was badly bruised.

Loader—While lowering car with rope, his finger was caught in loop of rope.

Motorman—Was switching four empty cars into room. The last one derailed and while lifting it back upon track, the other cars started down and his right leg was caught between the bumpers.

Driver—While pushing on a car, sprained ligaments of back.

What the Federal Government Thinks of First Aid

The attached letter from Mr. E. H. Denny of the Bureau of Mines, Department of Commerce, to Mr. G. B. Pryde, Vice President and General Manager of The Union Pacific Coal Co., is self explanatory.

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF MINES
428 New Post Office Building,
Denver Colorado

March 19th, 1928

Mr. G. B. Pryde,
Vice President and General Manager,
The Union Pacific Coal Company,
Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Dear Mr. Pryde:

Bureau of Mines Safety Car No. 2 will be in the Hanna, Rock Springs and Cumberland fields during the period April 9th to approximately June 15th, 1928. This year an effort will be made to train as many employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company as possible in the principles of first aid. Although the Car has visited the field on a number of occasions there is still a large number of employes of the company who have not taken advantage of the opportunity to acquire at no expense to themselves

a knowledge of first aid principles which may result in the saving of their own lives or those of others. Recently at several large Illinois mines 100% of all employees have taken the training work. The Bureau of Mines is trying to have 100% of all employees trained at as many mining operations as possible, believing that thus the interest of all employees may be stimulated in safety and the saving of life and better treatment of injured persons thus result. As many men as possible will be trained while the Car is in the various camps. One or more company instructors will also be trained at each camp with a view of the continuance of this work after the Car's visit until all employees have taken the first aid training.

President Cahill of the United Mine Workers of America has assured the Bureau that the district organization will co-operate in this safety work to the fullest extent possible; it is hoped that the officers of the various locals will similarly urge their members to attend the Car classes. Lyman Fearn, Chief Mine Inspector of the State of Wyoming, will similarly render all assistance possible from his Department. Employees of other companies in the Rock Springs field will be welcome at the classes. If the classes become too large to handle for as many of the employees of the other companies as desire training separate classes will be arranged for at later date.

Mine rescue classes will also be given for the benefit of men selected by the company. This is for the purpose of protection in the event of serious mine fire or possible explosion. A new feature of the work this year will be the advanced training course in procedure following mine explosions and in the fighting of serious mine fires. The types of men desired for these classes are those who have already taken the mine rescue work of the Bureau and persons holding positions of responsibility, such as superintendents, foremen, fire bosses, engineers and the like. Lectures and demonstrations will be given on the properties, detection and physiological effects of mine gasses. The construction and use of gas masks recommended for mine work will be taken up; there will be brief practice in the analysis of mine gases by portable gas analysis apparatus. Notable mine fires and mine explosions at which rescue apparatus was used will be discussed and the general procedure for both outside organization and inside rescue work will be discussed at considerable length. The limitations of rescue apparatus will be studied. Classes will spend two half days in the mines working out actual mine rescue problems involving the use of good judgment.

The United States Bureau of Mines was formed in 1910 largely through the demand of the United Mine Workers of America and various mining companies that work be conducted in the various mining fields and investigations made to lessen mine accidents. Under Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, first director of the Bureau, much important work toward accident prevention was started. This work is being continued under the Bureau's present Director, Mr. Scott Turner. During 1927 there was a material decrease in accidents. It is hoped that during 1928 the accident toll in the United States may be even less. The Bureau has at all times had the cordial co-operation of the national organization of the United Mine Workers of America. We will appreciate it if you will bring this letter to the attention of the various locals of The Union Pacific Coal Company operations, for it is only through the help of the miner as well as the operator that we can look for real safety results.

It is hoped to give a number of general safety lectures together with motion pictures; these talks will be designed to bring out important causes of accidents and the Bureau recommendations to prevent them.

The Car this year is in charge of Mr. G. M. Kintz, assistant mining engineer, with Vernon O. Murray and Emory Smith, foreman miner and first aid miner respectively, assisting. E. H. Denny, district engineer, of the Bureau at Denver will be in general charge of the Bureau work. The Car will be at Hanna the week beginning April 9th. Very truly yours,

E. H. DENNY, District Engineer.

Coal Production Wyoming 1926 and 1927 Compared

(From Reports of Chief State Mine Inspector.)

	1926	1927
Number of counties producing coal	13	12
Number of mines in operation....	57	62
Number of men employed inside..	4,936	4,710
Number of men employed out- side	976	929
Total number men employed....	5,912	5,639
Total tons produced.....	6,495,816	6,738,562
Average days in operation, all mines	184	176
Number of fatal accidents.....	21	22
Number of non-fatal accidents...	490	410
Tons of coal per fatal accident...	309,324	306,298
Tons of coal per non-fatal accident	13,257	16,289
Ratio of fatal accidents per 1,000 employed	3.5	3.9
Ratio of non-fatal accidents per 1,000 employed	82.8	72.7

It will be observed that the state production increased 242,776 tons in 1927; Sweetwater County gaining 199,457 tons, Lincoln County losing 111,568 tons. The number of fatalities increased in 1927 nearly 5 per cent, the non-fatal accidents falling off 16 per cent. The number of men employed and the tons of coal produced for the ten yearly periods, 1918-1927 are shown below.

Year	No. of Men	Tons Mined
1918	7,723	9,417,269
1919	7,725	8,166,009
1920	7,986	9,310,274
1921	8,037	7,303,479
1922	9,192	5,976,474
1923	7,511	7,587,676
1924	7,210	6,714,554
1925	6,364	6,557,576
1926	5,912	6,495,816
1927	5,639	6,738,562

From 1918 to 1927 the tons mined reduced 28 per cent, the number of men employed 27 per cent. The coal industry of Wyoming is not "holding its own," as can be seen by the Chief State Mine Inspector's reports.

Scottish Miners Lead

Highest Average Output.

According to a statement issued by the Miners' Federation showing the average output per man employed in the British coalfield for November, Scotland has the premier place.

The average output per man per shift in Scotland was 23.77 cwts., which is not only the top figure for Great Britain, but the record for Scotland since the end of the 1926 dispute.

Leicestershire is second at 23.35 cwts., and Northumberland comes third with 23.16 cwts. The 11 other districts for which output is given range from 16.51 cwts. to 22.98 cwts.

The average earnings per person employed was 9s 3.53d per day in Scotland, compared with 10s 4.99d in Yorkshire; 10s 4.12d in Derbyshire; 10s 5.44d in South Derbyshire; 10s in Leicestershire; and 10s 3d in Warwick.

The average number of days worked by selected colliers in England was 4.77, compared with 5.09 days in Scotland.

—From People's Journal (Printed in Scotland.)

It is the nut which holds the steering wheel that is responsible for most motor accidents.—From the Houghton Line.

= Engineering Department =

Reopening of Air Courses and Caved Areas

By C. E. Swann.

THE reopening of air courses and caved areas in an old mine has, in the past, been looked upon by the average mine manager with fear and trembling due to the inaccessibility, slowness of progress and cost of the work, also the numerous chances for accidents to occur in dangerous places remote from the active workings, where close supervision is difficult. The sum total of these difficulties meant, in a great many cases, that this work would be neglected until the mine ventilation was very seriously affected and an immense amount of non-productive, high cost work had to be done, at one time, to place the mine again in a safe operating condition.

With the advent of practical mechanical coal and rock loading machines which can do this work with safety, speed and economy there should no longer exist the delay in doing this necessary work as it arises and thus secure a more uniform cost of production, which all admit is very desirable.

Another great advantage accruing from the modern method of doing this work is found where it becomes necessary to enlarge the size of existing air courses in an old mine in order to secure adequate ventilation in places remote from the main fan. This enlargement can be obtained by either taking down top or lifting bottom rock which can be easily loaded out with the present rock and coal loading machines.

It has been stated that approximately 90 per cent of the accidents in the cleaning up of falls occur within six feet of the face of the fall, this being due, first, to the fact that if timbering is necessary it cannot be done until rock is cleaned up and, second, to rock slides caused by men trying to loosen material for loading. With a good loader on the job the operator, while loading, is out of all danger, being 10 feet away from the face and under timber, if timbering is necessary. And in pulling down rock, if a sheer face is standing, there is no necessity for a man to be at the face as the machine can pull out and shake down the pile, getting pieces too large to be loaded into cars in position for sledging or shooting.

In cleaning up a fall it is usually necessary to work from one end only, and a rock loading machine can do the work under these conditions about five times as fast as same can be done by hand labor, no matter how many men are on the job. The Meyers-Whaley Company report that one company cleaned up and enlarged an air course 11,985 feet long in nine calendar months; the original air course having an area of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 14 feet was enlarged to 7 feet by 14 feet, work involved being loading out falls and taking bottom. To have done this work by hand in a short time would have involved employing a large number of gangs and breaking through from the main heading to the main air course with a large number of places, which would have been impracticable because of its interference with the ventilation.

It is claimed in fallen areas where too much sledging is not required and where cars are of fairly large capacity a mechanical rock shovel will load from 120 to 150 tons per shift with a crew of three men and with the addition of a timber crew, if timbering is necessary, it is apparent that this work can now be done with speed and safety at a reasonable cost.

When many of the old anthracite mines in Pennsyl-

vania were first worked the pillars were left standing. Now that the areas of high coal are fast diminishing it became necessary to find some method of opening quickly the abandoned areas to recover the pillars, and the practicability of the mechanical rock shovel for this work has been definitely established.

New No. 8 Mine Hoist

By D. C. McKeehan.

IN ORDER that the output from No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, may be maintained at 2,500 tons per day, it has been necessary to install a new 550 horse-power electric hoist.

View One shows the hoist and motor and View Two shows the electric control equipment.

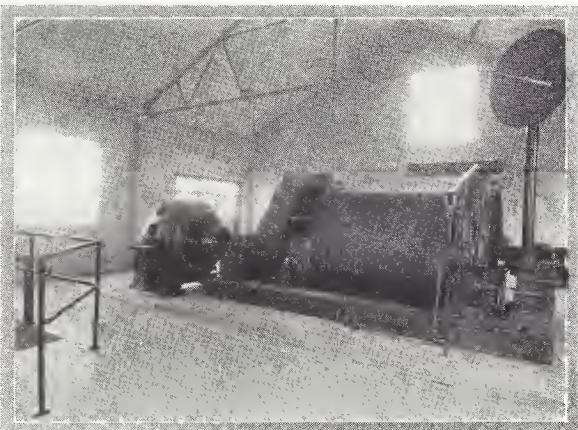
It may be of interest to the laymen to know some of the features that enter into the matter of determining the proper size of hoist and motor to do the work.

It was decided that the hoist should be capable of hoisting 2,500 tons per day from Ten Entry No. 2 slope. (See page 100, March magazine.) The length of haul from Ten Entry to the motor road is approximately 4,000 feet. Coal may be hauled from entries above and below the Tenth, but it is assumed that the average haul will be from the Tenth Entry. A hoisting speed of 1,500 feet per minute was decided upon.

The time required to start a trip of loaded cars from the Tenth Entry, hoist it up the slope, and finally lower it on to the load track on the motor road will be about four minutes. The time required to change the hoisting rope to the empty trip, lift the trip out of the empty track parting, and return in to Ten Entry will be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Total time for round trip $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. This will permit of sixty trips for the eight hour shift with a few minutes allowed for delays, etc.

In producing 2,500 tons of coal each trip should contain about 42 tons. The average car at No. 8 Mine holds 6,000 pounds of coal or three tons. This means that trips of fourteen cars should be hoisted.

The problem is to find the horse-power required to hoist fourteen car trips up a 9% ($5^\circ - 9''$) pitch at 1,500 feet per minute. The weight of cars is taken at 2,600 pounds in order to allow for sufficient power when



View 1.

all the smaller cars are replaced with ones of this weight.

The total weight to be hoisted consists of 14 cars which weigh 2,600 pounds each and contents of 6,000 pounds of coal each, making a total weight of 120,400 pounds or 60.2 tons.

In computing the horse-power required to hoist loads up an incline the weight must be multiplied by a constant depending on the pitch or angle of inclination. Each ton reposing on an incline of 9% exerts a pull on the hoisting rope of 180 pounds. For 60.2 tons the rope pull will be approximately 10,836 pounds.

To determine the horse-power multiply the rope pull by the hoisting speed and divide by 33000.

$$H.P. = \frac{10836 \times 1500}{33000} = 492$$

When a small amount is added for friction it will be seen that a 500 H. P. motor is required to do the work.

The hoist is built for a rope pull of 12,000 pounds. The drum will hold 4,000 feet of $1\frac{1}{8}$ " diameter rope in three layers and flanges are sufficiently high to allow winding an additional 4,000 feet if necessary.



View 2.

The motor is rated at 550 horse-power continuously, 800 horse-power for thirty minutes and is capable of developing over 1,000 horse-power for short intervals. The motor is supplied with 2,200 volts, 3-phase power and runs 600 revolutions per minute. The installation has been in accordance with our Code of Standards and all high voltage conductors are enclosed or guarded so that they are inaccessible to unauthorized persons.

When lowering empty cars into the mine the motor will be energized so as to regenerate a small amount of power and pay back to the power plant part of the energy consumed in hoisting the loaded trips.

Some Notes On Management

By R. Z. Virgin.

*It's not the mine or machinery,
Nor the workers as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork,
Of every blooming soul.*

(with apologies)

MODERN mine management requires more talent and education than was formerly required. The old "boss" system has given way to a more accurate, intelligent, and conservative one, and now there is no room for the "strong arm" method that formerly ruled. In its place is required a system of co-operation, teamwork, and education, blended together in such proportions that workers, foremen and company are striving for a common goal.

The Value of Education in Industry

Education along any lines, industrial or academic, never should be classed as an expense, or as a liability. It is so universally necessary that its price, whether measured in terms of money or ability, was never too high. It should always be classed as an asset.

I am informed that in West Virginia the state university is carrying educational courses to nearly 1,000 workers in coal mines every week. It is a very commendable task. It also proves the coming generation is keenly awake to the fact that management knowledge comes quicker by the educational route, and that its various complex problems are better solved after one attains a certain standard of education or understanding.

The many and varied ideas of humanity, the cosmopolitan classes of workmen, the complex methods of operation in industry, the intricate, delicate and costly machinery used in modern business, the outlawing of old practices, together with the new demands from consumers of products, all join in making it imperative that the world is in need of more study, especially by those who aspire to leadership.

Teamwork—Its Relation to Management

The most important phase of management is teamwork. The day of the so-called "self made" man is rapidly passing. No one is independent any more. Business success and social standing are so interwoven, that we are all dependent more or less on some one else for the things that make life worth while, and that make business successes.

If within a company 90 per cent of the workers team up, while the other 10 per cent are indolent, lie down on the job, and are indifferent to anything and everything excepting the receipt of their pay, they can so upset the efforts of the 90 per cent who are teamed and loyal, that the progress of the company is retarded to a point where it is staring failure in the face. Nothing short of 100 per cent teamwork and co-operation will guarantee success.

Successful companies radiate success all down the rank and file of the organization. New plants are started or enlarged, more managements are needed, these in turn get higher salaries, and one can see prosperity from the very smallest unit in the organization to the highest executive. Don't under-estimate teamwork. Employ the very best talent available to produce it.

The Value of Incentive

Underlying every activity, there is an incentive, the value of which is in proportion to the importance of the activity. Too often the value of incentive, is either ignored or under-estimated.

If good careful miners are wanted, there must be an incentive to get them. If a certain type of foremen is desired, there is a reason, and also an incentive; likewise to get an entire new management unit, there must be a reason and an incentive.

To get these results, it almost goes without saying that an incentive must be created, and it is the task of the modern executive to successfully work out the proper form of incentive. It does not require a modern Moses to find the solution, but a studious leader, one with common sense and who can apply this principle intelligently, can often turn the trick.

Thinking Produces Good Management

It is considered good management to make it possible for every workman to help himself, to make it possible for him to think for himself. The more self thinking the workmen do, the better it is for the management and for all concerned.

When an overseer must stand over a worker who is performing his task, and explain the method of procedure step by step, and do this daily, there is something wrong with the worker, the method and the boss.

Bosses or management of this type never accomplish
(Please turn to page 193)

Soldier of the South

*"Pickett, if there is anything on top of God's green earth
that I can do for you, say so!— U. S. Grant, 1865*

Such are the words stamped on the wrapper of a little book which bears the title "Soldier of the South," abstracts from civil war letters written by General George E. Pickett of the Confederate States Army "to La Salle Corbell Pickett, his bride and his wife, during the period of the 'war,' and after—yellow pages, bearing, nearly all, a London imprint; yellow pages, crisp with age, carrying down through unrolling years, in neatly penciled or penned sentences, the flavor of the past, romantic, sad, gay, tender, sweetly sentimental, imbued with unquestioning faith in Almighty God, in Virginia, in honor, and in the brave young 'war-bride' of his love."

There is always a glamour that attends a "lost cause," much of which is the product of memory and dreams, but in the letters of this most chivalrous gentleman and gallant soldier, we find a poignant pity for those who suffered the sacrifices of war, coupled with an undying reverence and respect for Almighty God and his Commander in Chief, Robert E. Lee, to whom fame has accorded the title of "the greatest soldier of all time." General Pickett's letters, after more than sixty years, breathe the fragrance of the flowers which he sent from time to time through the lines to his sweetheart, as well as those she in turn sent back to him after their marriage.

General Pickett was born in Richmond, Virginia, January 15, 1825, and when but 17 he entered West Point Military Academy, in the year 1842, from whence he graduated in 1856, with the customary rank of Second Lieutenant, attaining the rank of Captain of Infantry in 1855. Pickett was the first man to scale to the parapets of Chapultepec in the Mexican War and it was he who unfurled the stars and stripes over the Castle. U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee were fellow West Pointers, and the friendships first formed at the old academy and cemented firmly during the Mexican campaign, lasted throughout the life of these three men.

When the Civil War broke out Pickett was on duty in Washington Territory and there resigning his commission, he took ship for New York from whence he made his way to Virginia, where he at once enlisted as a private soldier in the confederate army. The next day he received a Captain's Commission which was quickly followed with that of Colonel. Early in 1862 he was advanced to the rank of Brigadier General, and soon thereafter he was made Major General, which he held until the conclusion of the "war." We will pass the part taken by General Pickett in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines Mill (where he was wounded) and Fredericksburg, coming to Gettysburg, where the soldiers of the Confederacy lifted themselves to new and glorious heights, but from whose gore stained battlefield, Lee and the southern people saw for the first time the coming sunset of their "cause."

The battle of Gettysburg, lasting three days, July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1863, was the last great engagement fought with muzzle loading arms, and in which the commanding officers rode at the head of their men. The Federal forces engaged at Gettysburg totaled 88,000 men, those of the confederacy 73,000. The losses suffered in the three days engagement: killed, wounded, and missing, were: Federals, 23,003; Confederates, 20,451; or a grand total of 43,454 men, 27 per cent of those engaged. Greece will forever have her Thermopylae, England her Balaklava, and the Southland, Pickett's charge. From four in the morning of that memorable July 3rd, the Confederate forces waited the enemy's attack, which began with the Federals signaling by a pistol shot, the attack on Culp's Hill. From four until eight, Pickett's men lay in the tall grass in the rear of the artillery line. At eight, Generals

Lee, Longstreet and Pickett, rode along in front of the recumbent lines of men who rose to salute their Commander in Chief, thereafter sinking back upon the ground. Until one, the July sun poured its torrid rays down upon Pickett's men, when the immediate stillness was broken by a Confederate canon shot, which quickly became the greatest artillery duel the world had had until then ever witnessed. While the firing continued, there began the preparations for the charge that immortalized and likewise ended the hopes of the Confederacy.

The firing lasted two hours, a cannonading that blackened and fallowed the soil, and then across 1,400 yards of open ground (four-fifths of a mile) with a front covering 1,600 yards, 5,000 men in grey stood as if transfixed. General Longstreet rode up passing to General Pickett the order written by General Lee to charge the Federal lines on Cemetery Ridge. In the glowering darkness occasioned by the two hours cannonading, Pickett said goodbye to Longstreet, then he rode forward a few paces, when, remembering a letter he had written to La Salle Corbell, his sweetheart, and which is among those contained in the book, he turned back and handing it to General Longstreet, asked that the letter be forwarded to her. Over on Cemetery Ridge, back of the stone wall that marked the top, the Northern men and their officers, looking across a space of nearly a mile, across fields of ripening wheat, grass stubble and smooth expanse, witnessed a spectacle unparalleled in warfare. Five thousand men in line; their muzzle loading rifles in their hands; their officers with drawn swords, flashing in the July sun in front; their Division, Brigade, Regimental and Company flags unfurled; the blistering sun pouring down upon their soiled and tattered grey uniforms, with not a stone, ditch or tree, to shelter their advance. Let us now quote from the foreword of this book written by Arthur Crew Inman. "So it came to pass then, that on that fateful day of July 3rd, 1863, the supreme honor of leading the crucial charge against the Federals was given by the Commanding Officer to General Pickett. See him! A fine and gallant figure, astride his black warhorse, his blue eyes afire with ardor, his auburn hair bronzed to the sun, his flashing sabre in hand, he leads his men through the shell scored wheat across the valley toward Cemetery Hill. In 'common' time they march, 'dressed' towards the center. Shrapnel, canister and minie-balls decimate their ranks. But still they press on, shouting: 'We'll follow you Marse George! We'll follow you!' and follow him they did, on their triumphal charge across the golden pages of history. Nearly five thousand strong, they entered upon their march, the flag of Virginia was a moment unfurled upon the coveted Federal works. But no supporting columns followed. Judging from all existing evidence it would seem that General Longstreet failed to notify the Commander of the dearth of ammunition; had failed to follow up General Pickett's charge with supporting brigades; had in a word, lost for the south its immortal chance of gaining success and independence. Five thousand strong, the men of General Pickett's Division set forth across the field to their glory and their death. Not one thousand five hundred returned. Ah, the tragedy; ah, the wonder; ah, the eternal fame—of that charge."

We cannot forego quoting a few paragraphs from the letters written by this man to the "one woman," letters that bore in the beginning the signature, "soldier," then later "your soldier;" "forever your soldier;" and at last, "forever and ever your soldier." Following the battle of Fredericksburg he wrote certain details of the battle in which he mentions the gallantry of the opposing troops.

Writing of the Charge of the Irish Brigade, he said: "Your soldier's heart almost stood still as he watched those sons of Erin fearlessly rush to their death, the brilliant assault on Marye's Heights of their Irish Brigade was beyond description. Why, my darling, we forgot they were fighting us, and cheer after cheer at their fearlessness went up all along our lines. About fifty of my division sleep their last sleep at the foot of Marye's Heights."

In February, 1863, the Confederate forces driven out of Norfolk and Suffolk Counties, Virginia, were forced to move into Northeastern North Carolina, where food and supplies were obtainable. Writing to his sweetheart, General Pickett said of this bitterly tragic march: "Why my Sallie, during these continuous ten days' march, the ground snowy and sleetly, the feet of many of the soldiers covered only with improvised moccasins of raw beef hide, and hundreds of them without shoes or blankets or over-coats, they have not uttered one word of complaint. No, nor one murmuring tone; but cheerily, singing or telling stories, they have tramped—tramped—tramped." Sallie having promised General Pickett to marry him when and where he called to her, received the summons on September 13, 1863, and two days afterward they were married in St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, her father and mother with relatives of Pickett and his staff, attending, the ceremony taking place September 15th. In a day or two General Pickett was back with his command and the newly wed Sallie was trying at intervals to send an occasional basket of biscuits and "real coffee" to her soldier husband whose regular fare was mainly corn bread and "rye-sweet potato-blend," for coffee.

Whittier's beautiful story of gray haired Barbara Frietchie, who challenged Stonewall to

"Shoot if you must this old gray head
But spare your country's flag, she said,"

has its counterpart in a letter written to Sallie by the "Soldier" on June 24, 1863, wherein he said: "Yesterday my men were marching victoriously through Greencastle (Pennsylvania) the bands all playing, the soldiers following with their voices, giving themselves a welcome in the enemy's country. As Floweress' band, playing 'Dixie,' was passing a vine-bowered home, a young girl rushed out on the porch and waved a United States flag—waving it in defiance, she called out: 'Traitors—traitors—traitors, come and take this flag, the man of you who dares.' Fearing that some (of my men) might forget their manhood, I took off my hat and bowed to her, saluted her flag and then turned, facing the men who felt and saw my unspoken order. Every man lifted his cap and cheered the little maiden, who though she kept on waving her flag, ceased calling us traitors. We left her standing there with her flag gathered up in her arms, as if too sacred to be waved, now that even the enemy had done it reverence."

In a letter written at midnight on the field of Appomattox, General Pickett wrote of the end that was so near. While Lee was undergoing his Gethsemane, the "soldier" penned these words to his wife: "Tomorrow may see our flag furled forever. Jackerie, our faithful old mail-carrier, sobs behind me as I write. He bears tonight this—his last message from me to you. He is commissioned with three orders, which I know you will obey as fearlessly as the bravest of your brother soldiers. Keep up a stout heart. Believe that I shall come back to you. Know that God reigns. After tonight you will be my whole command—staff, field officers, men—all. Lee's surrender is imminent. It is finished."

On July 17th, 1864, the soldier wrote to his young wife from the field: "Things may be quieter tomorrow, sweetheart, perhaps even tonight, And I may be able to come in for an hour." This was immediately after a messenger brought the news of his son's birth, which had just taken place but a few miles removed from the sounding guns. The next day the father wrote to the mother: "My men had all heard of the arrival of the 'Little Gen-

eral' as they call him, and when I was riding out of our camp last night to surrender to him, I noticed the bonfires that were being kindled all along my lines and I knew that my loyal, loving men were lighting them in honor of my son. But I did not know till this morning that dear old Ingalls, at Grant's suggestion, had kindled a light on their side of the lines, too, and I was overcome with emotion when I learned of it. Today their note of congratulation, marked 'unofficial,' which I enclose, came to me, through the lines." What more glorious evidence of early friendship could be shown than that expressed in this note of fourteen words:

"To George Pickett:

We are sending congratulations to you, to the young mother and the young recruit.

Grant, Ingalls, Suckley."

One of the letters written by the "soldier" to his wife, nearing the end of the book tells of a visit paid to General Grant in Washington. General Suckley, Grant's medical officer, escorted the "soldier" into the city, and Pickett wrote to Sallie: "Ingalls, bless his old loyal heart, met us at the train and took us up in the Quartermaster's carriage. It is the first time I have ridden in one of Uncle Sam's vehicles since I changed colors and donned the grey, and now I ride, not as an owner, but as a guest. The three of us had dinner together, Pitcher whom you've heard me speak of as 'Old Jug,' (General T. Pitcher, U. S. A.) came over from his table and joined us at dessert. After dinner all four of us went to the theatre to hear Billy Florence. We sent a line in to him from our box, and when he came out he strode across the stage and looking directly at us, said in his most tragic manner, 'The lamb and the lion shall lie down together.' The next day Pickett, the defeated, called upon Grant, the victor, and again the "soldier" wrote, "I just can't write you, my darling, about that visit. You'll have to wait till I see you to tell you how the warm hearted, modest, old warrior, and loyal old friend met me—how he took in his hand of your heart-sore soldier—poor, broken, defeated—profession gone—and looking at me for a moment without speaking, said slowly, 'Pickett, if there is anything on the top of God's green earth that I can do for you, say so.'" These words from the lips of the victor, the son of a tanner and addressed as they were to the defeated enemy soldier, who had behind him generations of wealth and culture, proved as has been proved, time and time again, that greatness of soul knows neither environment, station or wealth.

When the "soldier" was taking his farewell Grant, the conqueror, reached for his cheque book saying, "Pickett, it seems funny, doesn't it, that I should have any money to offer, but how much do you need?" The "soldier" declined with heartfelt thanks and in reply to Grant's question, as to how he could build a house to take the place of the mansion which General Butler burned, without money, the "soldier" said, "I have sold some timber to pay for it." Then to show his appreciation Pickett affectionately squeezed Grant's leg, whereupon Grant called out: "It's the same old George Pickett, instead of pulling my leg he's squeezing it," and then Grant, his staff officer in attendance and Pickett drove out to see the changes that the years had made in Washington.

This little volume of but 158 pages, bears a reproduction made from a miniature, which in turn was fashioned after a likeness taken about the time of the marriage of "Your Soldier" to La Salle Corbell Pickett. The long uniform coat of Confederate gray, trimmed with large metal buttons over the blue trousers bearing the wide golden hued stripe, tells of a past that has gone, of a time in our history when a few stubborn souls tore the Union asunder in a struggle that cost the lives of 3,600,000 heroic American youths. The home made gown and the long curls of the young wife likewise mark a day that

(Please turn to page 193)

Ye Old Timers

Please Be Ready to Bulge, Rock Springs; Old Timers' Day Is June Ninth

President Joe Iredale, Vice-President Andrew Hood and Secretary-Treasurer C. P. Wassung of the Old Timers' Association of The Union Pacific Coal Company are sending out notices for the fourth annual meeting of the Association. And to many more than before. In 1925, there were 283 members; in 1926, 346 members; in 1927, 397 members and this year there are 425 members. Four hundred and twenty-five members. And since each one will be accompanied by his wife and there will be other guests the officers of the association are warning Rock Springs to please be ready to bulge and swell to take everybody in. And they suggest that if Rock Springs has some enthusiastic real estate salesman who believes in the value of a growing census that June ninth might be a good time to take it.

But preparations are being carefully made by a committee on arrangements. Preparations that will care for the comfort and entertainment of every member and every visitor throughout the day.

The business meeting will be short and the parade which will follow it will carry many novel features. The First Aid teams will be asked to join in and then there will be the bands from Cumberland, Winton, Reliance and Hanna! And the pipers!

The banquet-luncheon at noon will be served on two floor of the Elks Building simultaneously and a short address by one noted speaker of national fame in labor circles will be heard.

In the evening at the theatre, Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus" will be shown and one of Will Rogers' travelogues "In London" will follow. Then will come the presentation of the First Aid prizes and awards.

Three new men will join the gold button class, the honor society of the Old Timers. They are: Samuel Matson, A. H. Andreson and George Krichbaum, Sr., and will receive gold buttons from Eugene McAuliffe, President, The Union Pacific Coal Company.

The Old Timers are ready and the committee on arrangements is getting ready for the biggest Old Timers' Day we've yet had.

Mrs. Sarah Smith, Rock Springs

The "good old days" were pleasant and the difficulties of those same days were a challenge that gave zest to the life of the young folks whose pioneering spirit had carried them west to our Wyoming. But the good old days were not so pleasant, not nearly so pleasant as the time of today says Mrs. Smith, of Ninth Street, Rock Springs, who has lived in the town for forty years, and in the same house for twenty-five years and has seen the town of Rock Springs in the most important days of its development.

Mrs. Smith was born in Kewanee, Illinois, and later, moving to Lucas, Iowa, she was married there to Charles Smith who came to Rock Springs just before the Chinese riot. Afterwards he went east to Iowa to take Mrs. Smith to Wyoming where the family has made its home ever since. Eighteen years ago Mr. Smith died and Mrs. Smith was left to care for her family of five children.

The homes of No. 4 were in process of construction when Mrs. Smith came to Rock Springs. She remembers many of the early officials of The Union Pacific Coal Company and tells about the time when daily wages were \$2.50 and \$2.75, and when seventy-five dollars a month was considered good earnings but when, too, commodities of every sort were correspondingly less. It didn't used to seem a long walk up to the Congregational



Mrs. Sarah Smith, oldest resident of No. Four District, Rock Springs, with her son, Thomas H. Smith.

Church but the hospital did look lonely on Hospital Hill without any dwellings near it.

Parties and gatherings were held in the homes for the most part but sometimes the old Finn Hall, which stood where now is the No. Four Boarding House, was secured for community gatherings.

Mrs. Smith likes the Old Timers' Page of the Employees' Magazine and hearing about some of the folks in the near-by towns whom she used to know. She is a member of Rock Springs' Community Club and when we visited her was preparing to attend the Washington's Birthday party—and in this too Mrs. Smith thinks the good new days are more satisfactory than those of long ago.

All but one of the members of the Smith family live in Rock Springs. They are: Mrs. G. B. Elliot, Alabama; James, Thomas H., Mrs. S. Kauzlarich and Mrs. Sadie Shultz.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Anselmi, Rock Springs

Max Anselmi was born at Brace, Tyrol-Italy, in 1875, and, when he was twenty years old, came to America, first to Colorado for a very short time and later to Rock Springs, where he began to work in old No. One Mine.

In 1905 he went back to the old country and to his native town, where he married Miss Caroline Albertini, and then returned to America. Mrs. Anselmi tells of her utter loneliness during her first year in America, her tears when everything looked as bleak and drab as the gray rocks and scarcely green sage. However, she was busy,

and her home and children and learning the language kept her busy until she and Mr. Anselmi took their family, Miss Nora and Master Albert, back to visit Austria in 1920.



Max Anselmi.

brother were there but everything else seemed so changed, even the people were different, looked so depressed and tired. And Master Albert, a boy of twelve, "dreamed of America day and night," adding to his mother's desire to hasten her visit. Their part of Austria had, by the terms of the Versailles Conference, been given to Italy, and that added to the feeling of strangeness.

Mr. Anselmi has been a citizen of the United States since 1900, and is glad to belong

& Mining Company, and in March, 1874, repossession of all its coal properties was made by the Railroad Company, a change in the road's management having taken place in the interim, and the mines were afterwards operated as an adjunct of the Railroad. The Wyoming Coal & Mining Company were anxious to maintain control of the properties and legal proceedings were resorted to, but after extended litigation the suit was decided in favor of the Railroad.



Thomas Wardell

From then on until late in 1890 the mines were operated as a department of the Railroad, Mr. Dyer O. Clark being appointed Superintendent

having been in the service of Messrs. Godfrey and Wardell, and other interests in the vicinity of Bevier, Missouri, later moving to Omaha. Of the original three camps opened up at the early period, Rock Springs today is the sole survivor, Mine No. 7, at Carbon, having been abandoned in 1902 and Almy closed down in 1900.

Mr. Wardell came to the West to operate the Union Pacific properties while his partner (Mr. Godfrey) remained in Missouri to look after their interests in that state.

Mr. Wardell spent but little time in Rock Springs, when he did remain for any period his wife and four children usually accompanied him, living on the second floor of the office building.

He brought quite a number of men with him from Missouri, among them being William Hinton, later appointed Superintendent at Carbon, Michael Quealy, afterwards made Pit Boss, William Mellor, who opened up Point of Rocks mine as well as No. 1 here.

Upon losing control in the West, Mr. Wardell departed for Macon, Missouri, operating his Bevier mines from there.

During a strike—about 1884, Mr. Wardell was shot and killed instantly, his remains being interred in Macon.

Jack Wardell, a brother, operated the company store at Carbon for several years, afterwards retaining it for his own benefit.



Mrs. Anselmi, Nora and Albert Anselmi.

Mrs. Anselmi had some interesting things to tell about the Mussolini rule as it effects her native village and the people she has known. She is sure that nothing so autocratic can last long and her discussion makes one long to see entire freedom of speech and press encouraged everywhere and the rights of individuals protected—looking toward individual expression and so, group advance.

Thomas Wardell

On July 16, 1868, while the Union Pacific Railroad was being constructed, an agreement was negotiated between its representatives and Cyrus O. Godfrey and Thomas Wardell, under which its coal lands were leased to the men named for a period of fifteen years, permitting them to prospect for coal, open and operate mines, etc., the Railroad contracting to purchase from the Lessees so much of the coal mined as would be required for its purposes, at a stated sum per ton for the first two years, and on a sliding scale the balance of the term.

The lease was later assigned to the Wyoming Coal & Mining Company, but the directorate of the road, claiming that Wyoming, a new country, required cheap fuel in order that settlement might be effected and new industries built up, cancelled the contract with the Wyoming Coal

Former Union Pacific Coal Company Employe Dies at Rock Springs

Mr. Dwight M. Thayer, who, before retiring from active work, served a period of eight years with The Union Pacific Coal Company as clerk in the Mine Office at Rock Springs, died at 5:40 p. m., Sunday, April 1st, death occurring at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Morris.

Mr. Thayer was a real pioneer, having been born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, March 26th, 1847.

In 1877, Mr. Thayer, with his wife, came to Rock Springs, and founded a home. From this home, hospitality, friendliness and real good cheer were extended to many people. Rock Springs was then a frontier town, and the many acts of kindness shown by Mr. Thayer and his wife during those early years, will not soon be forgotten.



Dwight M. Thayer

regret that we chronicle the passing of this early pioneer.

Hanna P. T. A. Meeting

Record Crowd Out to See Exhibit and Play.

A record crowd filled the High School Assembly room on Thursday, March 29th, the time set for the monthly meeting of the Hanna Parent-Teachers' Association, many being turned away because of lack of room.

The chief attractions at this time were the one-act play given by members of the 12th grade English class, and the Shop Exhibit given by the several shop classes.

Manual training exhibit at Hanna School.

Mr. Thayer engaged in private business for some years, and served as a clerk with Beckwith-Quinn & Company, one of the early mercantile stores of Western Wyoming, this store later sold to Beezman & Neuber, discontinuing business in 1927. He acted for eight years as postmaster at Rock Springs, and eight years as Superintendent of the Wyoming General Hospital, later serving eight years in a clerical capacity for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Rock Springs.

Mr. Thayer was thorough in his work, upright and honest in all his dealings with his associates, and it is with

After the usual preliminary business meeting, which lasted only a few minutes, the program was turned over to the school. Miss Josephine Delatour, H. S. English teacher, gave a short talk on the aims and accomplishments of the English Department, finishing her remarks by giving a short outline of the play that was to follow.

"Grandma Pulls the Strings," a very entertaining one-act play, furnished considerable amusement for the crowd for the next thirty minutes. This play was presented by Suoma Tammela, Lena Erickson, Elvira Salo, Edith Crawford, Marie Boam and Lester Allison, all members of the Senior class. Marie Boam as "Grandma," was unusually good at "pulling the strings" to prevent the bashful Lester from proposing.

Mr. E. N. Pearson, the Shop Instructor, outlined the purposes and aims of the shop.

After the play, the new P. T. A. officers were elected. These will be installed at the next meeting in April, and will hold office for one year. Mrs. Pearson was elected President. The Shop Exhibit in the lower hall was a center of admiring interest. One hundred pieces, including an oak buffet, made by Harold Morgan; two radio cabinets by Uno Lehti and Weikko Kandolin; a library table by James Campbell and Joe Dickinson, ironing boards, medicine cabinets, kitchen stools, smoking stands, taborets, book racks, a gate-leg table, two cedar chests and two dressing tables, were on display. The work was a credit to the shop and to the school, would be to a school larger and better equipped than ours. Mr. Pearson is to be congratulated on the work he has accomplished in the shop this year, and we are glad to be able to announce that he will remain with us for another year.

A Speaking Likeness

The schoolmaster wrote on the back of a boy's monthly report: "A good worker, but talks too much." The father signed the report and then wrote under the remark of the schoolmaster: "You should meet his mother."



Laughs

Oh, Dear!

Hostess (trying desperately to keep the conversation going): "Did you ever hear the joke about the curio dealer who had two skulls of Columbus—one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?"

Guest: "No, I don't think I have. What is it?"

Hard Hearted

The tall, proud girl turned haughtily to the white-robed figure.

"Have you no heart?" she asked in a low tone.

"No," he growled.

"Well, give me ten cents worth of liver."

Thinking of Home

Young Zoologist (who has been asked to lecture over the wireless): "And all the time, darling, though mil-lions may be listening in, I shall be thinking of you alone."

Darling: "And what's your lecture about, old thing?"

Young Zoologist: "Freaks of nature."

Another Scotch One

A venerable Old Scot purchased a little radio set, and a few days later his friends asked him how he liked it.

"Well, it's aw right to listen to," he replied, "but those bulbs are nae so guid to read by."

Tenders Explained

The sweet young thing was being shown through the railroad repair shops.

"What," she asked, "is that thing over there?"

"Oh, that's a locomotive boiler."

"Why do they boil locomotives?"

"To make the locomotive tender."

Kind or Number

Rustic—I'd like to see one of your new cars.

Salesman—Six or eight?

Rustic—Oh, one will do very nicely, for the present.

Qualified

Negro Rookie—I'd lahk ta have a new pair o' shoes, suh.

Rookie—Worn out! Man, the bottoms of mah shoes are so thin Ah can step on a dime and tell whether it's

Sergeant—Are your shoes worn out?

heads or tails!

Your Concern

Among the prisoners arraigned before the court was an Irishman.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge in a stern voice.

"Faith, 'an' that's yer honor's business."—Answers.

The Reason

"Just fancy Jim refusing to marry you. Didn't you tell him about your rich widowed aunt?"

"Yes."

"And didn't that make any difference?"

"It did. Jim's my new uncle."—Bulletin.

A Record

"D'you know, this college goes back to the Pilgrim Fathers?"

"What's the matter with it, isn't it satisfactory?"—Yale Record.

Red Tape

Officer—"Who is that sap roaming around suspicious-like?"

Cop—"Tis a poet, so he says."

"Ah, and did he show his poet's license?"—Carnegie Puppet.

Explained

Dumb Dora—What makes a collitch fellow give his pin to a girl when he gets engaged to her?

Dumb Engineer—The girl.—Bucknell Belle Hop.

Assurance

Wife—"What's the idea of borrowing all these mowers? That's the third you've got!"

John—"My dear, that absolutely ensures my nap for this afternoon."—Humorist.

Cheating

"Wataha gonna plant this year?" (to friend digging in garden).

"Sh-h-h — — notsa loud—I ain't gonna plant a thing an' fool them Jones' chickens!"—Judge.

Leap Year

"I hear you made a bet that if you proposed to me I'd accept."

"Yes; will you marry me, dear?"

"How much did you bet?"—London Mail.

Peaceful

"You say you're a lover of peace, and then you go and throw a brick at Casey?"

"Yes, sir—an' e was very peaceful, too, after I throwed it."—Humorist.

Proof of Affection

Lady—"Your father thinks a lot of your new brother, doesn't he?"

Bobbie—"Yeh, he gets up in the middle of the night to take the darn kid for a walk!"—West Point Pointer.

Would Walk Off

Pullman Porter—"Brush yo' off suh?"

Old Gent—"No, I'll get off in the usual way."—Alabama Rammer Jammer.

Forgot Himself

Husband—"That man is the ugliest person I ever saw."

Wife—"Not so loud, dear. You forget yourself."—Pitt Panther.

United Information

"Now, come on, Claudius, and tell them all you know—it won't take long."

"Surely, Mephistopheles, I'll tell them all we both know; it won't take any longer."—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

Taking Thought

Daughter (en selle a laver)—"Oh, mother, will you please see what kind of a neck my cleanest dress has?"

Mother—"Don't bother me."

"But, mother, I want to know whether I should wash for a round-neck dress, or a square-neck dress."—Columbia Jester.

No Reason

The Poet—Dash it—I can't find that sonnet anywhere. Eustace must have thrown it into the fire.

His Wife—Don't be absurd, Algernon. The child can't read.—London Opinion.

None to Clean

Salesman—Let me demonstrate this vacuum cleaner to you.

Mrs. Covelski—I don't want it; I ain't got no vacuums in the house.

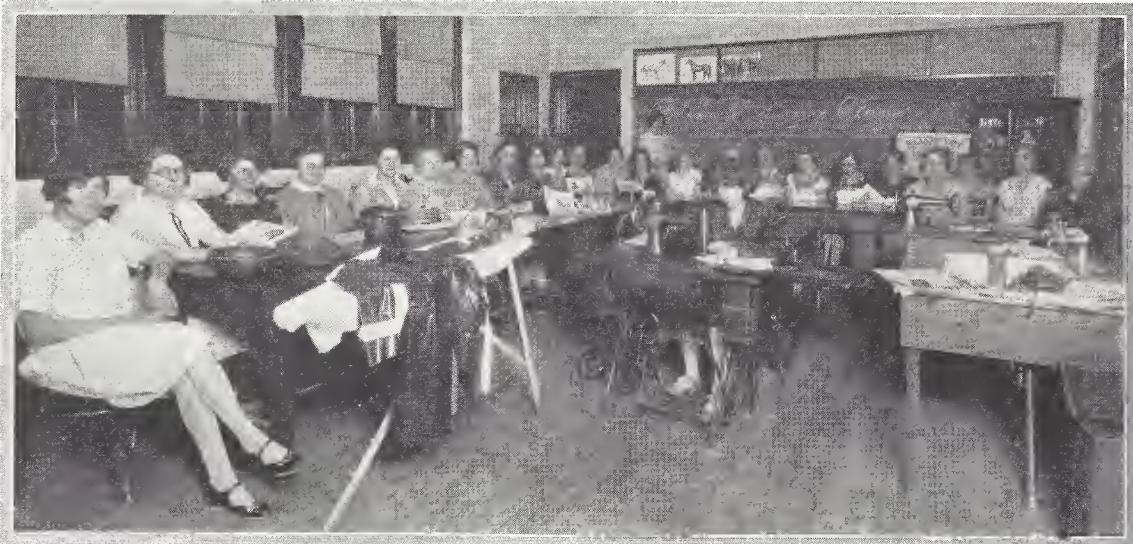
= Of Interest To Women =

Reliance Women Learn to Sew

For the last two years the Woman's Club of Reliance has sponsored a home maker's class, co-operating with the Reliance Schools and the State Department of Vocational Education, and making itself the advertising and promotional medium for the class.

Last year Miss Sarah Harvey taught a class in millinery which was a genuine success and has proved valuable to the students through the year.

This year those who had taken instruction in millinery decided that they wished to learn some new things about sewing and a class of twenty-six was enrolled. Miss D. Smith of the Rock Springs High School staff was the teacher and Miss Mary Lyal, Supervisor of Home Economics, State Department of Vocational Education, visited.



Reliance Sewing Class. Reading from left to right its members are: Mrs. Clark Hamblin, Mrs. A. Holmes, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Takis, Mrs. Joe Uhren, Mrs. R. Gibbs, Mrs. Dan Gardner, Mrs. E. H. Buckles, Mrs. William Graham, Miss Mary Pinter, Mrs. Mike Pinter, Mrs. Jim Williams, Miss Lila Sturholm, Mrs. Dude Baxter, Mrs. James Rafferty, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. H. McComas, Mrs. Joe Reese, Mrs. George Flue, Mrs. Tom Hall, Mrs. Homer Grover, Mrs. A. Johnston. Mrs. Wilcox seated at the first sewing machine and Mrs. Murray at the second. Miss Dorothy Smith, teacher, is standing behind the class.

Processes of construction were taught. Problems in color, line and design were discussed. Each member of the class then made a dress, putting into practical use the knowledge—and skill, too, since in sewing class members "learn to do by doing"—gained. Flowers and tie-dye scarfs were made, too, and general good times were not forgotten as these women worked and studied together, learning short cuts in sewing, a larger use of the sewing machine, a larger appreciation of the value of their own time, the uses to which old garment's may be put, the beauty of well constructed simple garments, the use of patterns and the beauty of harmony in color.

What Say?

All the worlds' a camera—look pleasant, please.

Home Making Classes at Tono

One of the most satisfactory and effective efforts in home making classes we've seen is being worked out in Tono where the Tono Branch of the Home Makers' Council of Thurston County has been very busy since the first of the year.

They meet in the Woman's Club Building every Thursday, beginning demonstrations at ten o'clock; at noon have what they are pleased to call a "pot luck" luncheon but which looked quite sumptuous to us, and continue classes after luncheon.

Project committees in nutrition, home management and clothing have given very interesting demonstrations.

Mrs. E. R. Rogers and Mrs. Bert Peterson are the nutrition leaders and have given demonstrations in balanced meal plans, how to buy meat, the various cuts and

how to prepare them most palatably, building diets and reducing diets.

Mrs. Tom Warren and Mrs. E. C. Way are project leaders for clothing and have prepared and given some excellent demonstrations for the Home Makers' Council.

Project leaders attend the conferences and demonstrations at the office of the Home Demonstration Agents of Thurston County and then take the lessons back to Tono.

Thurston County Home Maker Convention will be held in Tono on May 11th when some one hundred women will be entertained.

"Refinishing of furniture" and "color in the home", too, have been covered in the classes as well as "kitchen appliances" and many kinds of decorative and art work, gesso and other handcraft.

My Mother's Picture

How many times, as through the room I hasten,
Without a thought of other days at all,
I lift my eyes, and straightway I am standing
Before her picture, hanging on the wall.

Almost it seems her pleasant voice is calling,
And I am fain to answer, "yes, I hear,
All earthly sounds shall be to me as silence,
If you will speak, O mother, mother dear."

No answer comes, I hush my breath to listen,
But still the eyes with patient, steadfast gaze,
Look into mine; they pierce through flesh and spirit.
I bow my head and blush beneath their rays.

For she is wise with wisdom that appalls me,
The solemn secrets of the grave she knows,
And high above, by God's own hand uplifted,
Through wondrous ways of His own Heaven she goes.

Beyond all change, and safe from time's mutation,
And grieved no more by earth's forlorn complaints,
Thou pictured face, dim semblance of my mother,
How dost thou look among the crowned saints?

So far! so far! Once, if I faintly called you,
Or laughed, or wept, you were so quick to know;
All else might fail, my mother's love was certain,
Now, dying e'en, your touch I must forego.

Thou there, I here, and I know not what spaces
Beyond the grave's green width divide us two;
Nor of the times unnoticed and unnumbered,
That must go o'er me ere I look on you.

But I am coming, I shall find you, mother;
Sometime, somewhere, when His great will is done,
And I am fit to stand once more beside you,
To your high place I shall have leave to come.

—Ellen M. Huntington Gates.



Mr. and Mrs. John Cowell, residents of Tono for fifteen years, taken on their fortieth wedding anniversary.

A Mother Understands

When mother sits beside my bed
At night, and strokes and smooths my head,
And kisses me, I think, some way,
How naughty I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And of the cookies that I took,
And how I smashed a window light
A-rassling—me and Bobby White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie;
It almost makes me want to cry
When mother pats and kisses me;
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir.
She knows it all; you can't fool her.



At an old-time tea party in Cumberland. Reading from left to right they are: At the bottom: Mrs. Peterson (nee Flora Miller), Mrs. Raymond Goos (nee Margaret Youngberg). Next row: Mrs. Borolby, Mrs. Kirg, Helen Youngberg, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Murray. Standing: Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Ackerlund, Mrs. Wanlass, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Gust Ackerlund, Mrs. Carnahan. Back row: Mrs. Bush, Miss Anna Miller, Mrs. Joe Clark, Mrs. Mates and Mrs. Dunbar.



Mrs. E. Barber and three-month-old Baby Barber enjoying making some Christmas plans beside the Club House fireplace.

Raphael's Masterpiece

(A man of today gives the great painter a commission.)
Come, Raphael, I would have you paint me a picture.
You have made some repute for yourself with Madonnas,
But now, sir, to your masterpiece!
Your hand must have more cunning
Than it ever knew daubing about church walls,
For this time you must paint with your soul.
The subject? There she is—

My Mother.

Not a Gainsborough lady—I confess it quite freely—
Nor a Reynolds' beauty, but they were faultlessly inane,
With doll faces and dainty postures,
But no more reality than if they had stepped
Off of some decorated fan.

Are you squinting your eye there critically
Thinking she will not do?
Must you have something pretty
Before you can make it beautiful?
I would have you make something beautiful,
Divine—I said you must paint with your soul.

I protest, sir. What's all this toggery
You're decking her up in?
She never saw any apparel like that in her life.
You must have the right colors?
Indeed! Can't you paint things as they are?
The everyday clothes we've seen her in all of her life?
You object?
Well then, let her plain dress spoil the picture,
I won't have her turned into a popinjay
Or a court lady—I am simply asking you to paint
My mother.

Yes, I'll agree to the rocking chair,
Although it would be more natural to see her working.
Take that low one with the squeaky rocker,
Over there by the window.
No, you can't stick a poll parrot on her shoulder—
For one thing, she never liked poll parrots,
But little singing birds have always been a joy to her.
Here, put this old sewing-basket close by her,
With the dried gourd on which to mend stockings.
Don't forget her steel-rimmed spectacles—
They are always getting lost but just now
They are mixed in with the mending.
And paint the edge of this button-box—
Maybe it will give you some color
For it contains buttons of every size and description
From all the dresses and clothes ever worn by any member
of the family.

Yes, you can put an open book on the table
For she likes to read when she has time, and now—
Go ahead.

Why, painter, you're making her face as smooth and white
as an alabaster box!
You do not want her to look dried and cracked?
Your eyes see a lot of creases in her face
But I told you to paint with your soul.
Those are not ugly lines—they are tracings of sorrow,
And care and tired days and watchful nights,
And silent sufferings that she never said anything about.
Now that I look more closely, you have her hair all wrong.
Gray won't mix with brown in a picture?
Then, sir, the picture must be changed.
And those hands! Why, you've made them
Five-fingered lilies.
But they are much more beautiful as they really are.
They have washed clothes, week after week,
And dishes three times a day—
She never let them stack up from one meal to another—
And cooked and cleaned and scrubbed.
Change them, please. Have them rough,
And somewhat large, and then—
Show that they've done a thousand things
That no other hands in the world would have done
Because they loved others more than their own prettiness.

And the eyes, sir! You've made two colored spots
On the canvas. But you will have to dip your brush
Into mystic colors to catch their infinite lights and
shadows.

(Please turn to page 193)

Girls All Girls

With the Troops

J. McD.

Everybody is thinking about the First Aid contest which comes June 8th and will be held at the same time as the Men's First Aid Meet. A letter bulletin will be sent out shortly covering time, place of meeting, dress, ties and other matters of interest.

And we will all remember that we are representing the Girls Scouts of our town, not only when we go on the field to do our best to win but in the quality of sportsmanship we display and our scoutly conduct throughout.

There is only one month more in which to practice. Let's make the most of the time remaining, follow our scout health rules—and get ready to have a good time too.

Reliance Bears have lost their Lieutenant, Miss Ramona Simpson of the Reliance High School faculty, who has gone to be assistant to Doctor Shultz, Head of the Bureau of Statistics, University of Chicago Department of Mathematics. And surely everybody who met Miss Simpson will sympathize with the Bears in their loss while they congratulate Miss Simpson on her connection with the University of which she is an honor graduate.

In this month comes Mother's Day and I have been wondering if we would like to start working for a badge that only our mothers can give us. It is the home service badge and is given for five hundred hours of service which is helpful to mother. Services which are paid for may not be counted and mother must sign the home-service booklet certifying that the work accomplished has been done satisfactorily. Wouldn't it be a nice gift for Mother's Day to tell our mothers that we want to start earning our home-service badges.



Rachael Davis and Hazel Colvin, Tono, members of the High School graduating class of Tenino, Washington.

Camp Fire Girls of Tono

The girls of Tono have a Camp Fire Circle which meets in the homes of its members. Their March 29th meeting was held in the Woman's Club House where the big open fire lends itself to the theme of Camp Fire teaching.



Miss Jean Murray, member of the Camp Fire Girls' circle of Tono, Washington, with her mother, Mrs. Bob Murray.

After the business meeting, stunt races, puzzle games and a very good program of musical numbers and stories, brought the evening up to a delightful supper served by candle light. Then the singing of Wo-He-Lo Wo-He-Lo and the "good night" song, the evening prayer of the Camp Fire girls, "cleanse, pure and keep for me my soul's desire, my soul's desire." And "Burn Fire Burn", the favorite song which voices the spirit of Camp Fire:

Whose hand above this flame is lifted
Shall be with magic touch engifted,
To warm the hearts of lonely mortals
Who stand without its open portals.

Who so shall stand by this hearthfire fan flamed
Shall never stand alone;
Whose house is dark and bare and cold
This is his own—this is his own.

brought a happy evening to a close.

Tono Girl Plays Pipe Organ



Elaine E. Warren

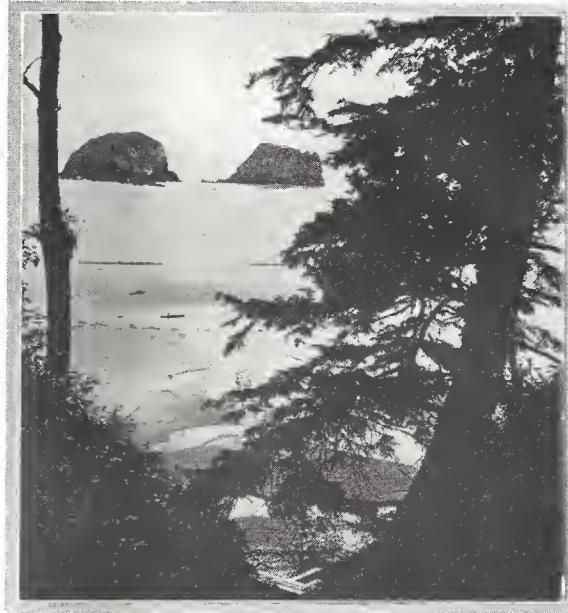
She is studying pipe organ in Centralia and substitutes for her teacher as organist for matinees.

One of the girls of Tono, Washington, of whom the town is very proud, is Miss Elaine E. Warren, seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Warren. Elaine is a graduate of Aquinas Academy of Tacoma and is now a student at Centralia Junior College.

Besides carrying her regular school studies, Elaine has been interested in music. She began her study of the piano with George Forsythe, the blind music master of Tono, who is very proud of the success of his pupil.

Tono Camp Fire Girls Plan Week's Camping Trip

The Camp Fire girls of Tono are planning a wonderful trip for early in June when their school closes. They plan to do trail cooking and to make their own camps, moving to several places of interest in their own state and spending most of their time on the ocean where hikes can be taken along the shores of the Pacific.



Looking out over the Pacific at Granville Point near Pacific Beach, Washington, where Tono Camp Fire Girls plan to camp this coming summer.

An "If" For Girls

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your delight,
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose not sight,
If you can dance, without a craze for dancing,
Play, without giving play too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;

If you can master French, and Greek and Latin
And not acquire as well a priggish mien
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,
Without despising calico and jean,
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
Can sing when asked without excuse or stammer
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs.

If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust,
If you can be a friend, and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must.

If sometime you should meet and love another,
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined
And you, its soul—a loyal wife and mother,
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
The plan that's been developed thru the ages
And win the best that life can have in store
You'll be, my girl, an ideal for the sages,
A woman whom the world will bow before!

—Elizabeth Lincoln Otis.

Soldier of the South

(Continued from page 184)

has faded away except in the memories of a few. Let us close with the compiler's word of dedication which ends his foreword:

"To the undying spirit of the soldiers of the 'Old South' may I dedicate this volume. May it stand as one eternal symbol of their courage, their devotion, their grace, their heroism, a symbol to inspire the future of all mankind to walk in the humility of innate nobility that was theirs."

(Continued from page 182)

anything worth while. What is wanted in industry is a management that can be trusted with responsibility, and that does its own thinking. Men who do their own thinking not only help themselves, but go a long way to help others, and thus help the company. In the final analysis this means the company helps the thinker with a better job, more pay, and better surroundings.

The more one uses his own brains to get other brains developed, the more formidable will be the material available to attack any management problem. Big men without exception attribute their success to using the brains of others.

It is a wise saying that "the study of management brings success."

When costs begin to lower, and complaints are getting slower,

And satisfaction shows in various things.

When smiles burst out to laughter, and dividends come after,

Boy, that's where management begins.

—Reprinted from Coal Mine Management.

(Continued from page 191)

And you have failed to show her remarkable wisdom.
You smile, inferring you could puzzle her with a few elementary questions.

I was not talking about knowledge, sir.
But she is love-wise and knows far more
Than philosophers ever dreamed.

I am too critical!

I am sorry.

It was foolish of me to expect you to paint
My mother.

No, don't leave the canvas.

I have a better picture—

It is in my heart—love is a truer painter.

Good day to you, sir!

—Joseph Morris.



Florence I. Mardicott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott, Tonopah, now a student at Ellensburg Normal School.



Our Little Folks

The Knights of the Silver Shield

THERE was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls, and turrets that rose above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants.

Each of these knights wore a suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a red plume that could be seen a long way off by anyone in distress. But the most wonderful thing was their shields. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded and one could not see his face reflected there.

When each knight received his spurs and his armor, one of these shields was given him, and when the shield was new its surface was always dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or when he helped poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face in it. But if he was a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not help the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always said he "won his star." At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland. He was a splendid warrior. And although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in his errands through the forest. This battle would be the great opportunity of his life. And he hoped that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about giving his commands, he said: "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. But he struggled against this disappointment and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate. The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached by a high bridge that crossed the moat, which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up so that no one could cross. So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

Today the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought some one else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads. The lord of the castle stopped to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter.

Sir Roland stood looking after them thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle. But after a little he tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy then he remembered what the commander had told him and he said: "I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman.

"And how do you think it is going?"

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they

never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed, but I am set to guard the gateway of the castle, and cannot leave."

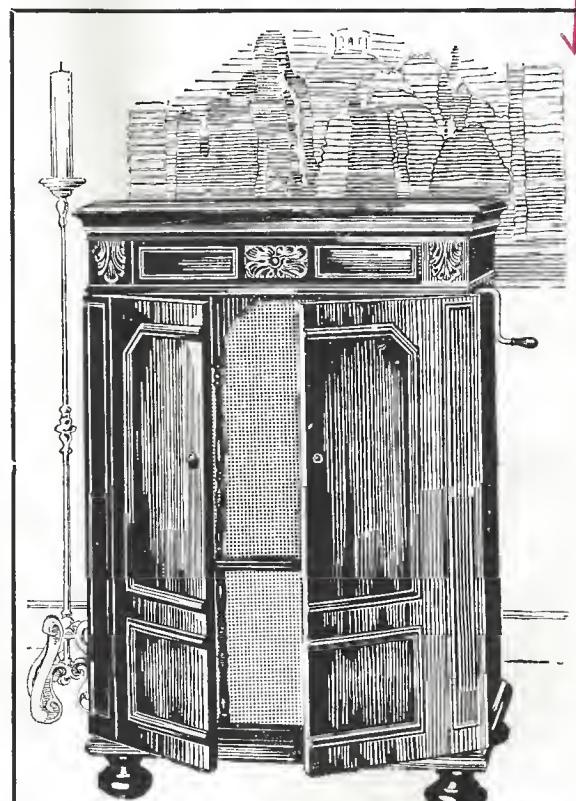
"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that you would be much more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I, but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman, "that you are one of the kind of knights who like to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show him whether he liked fighting or not. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he gave it to the old woman and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not long before he heard some one calling outside. He opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long cloak. "Why are you knocking



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here?" he said. "The castle is closed today."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.
"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. I have brought you a magic sword."

He drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it the giants will fall back, your master will be saved and you will be crowned the victorious knight, the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that he reached out his hands as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out "No" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air and said, "It is for you! Take it and win the victory."

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword he would not be able to

hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the bell which was the signal for the servants to pull up the drawbridge.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a few minutes more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. Then Sir Roland realized that this was one of their enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. He shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward with joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure the knights were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he let down the drawbridge and went out to meet them. They were dusty and weary, but they had won the battle and there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them and when he had closed the gate he followed them into the hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about



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him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he began to speak, one of the knights cried out: "The shield! The shield! Sir Roland's shield."

Every one turned to look at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the center. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why ever one was looking at him so excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, "and tell us all that has happened today. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my Lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened.

When he had finished the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. They looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all today."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

Saving a Cent

The last story on the Scotch is that of the father who consented to calling his first born Vincent, on the theory that he would be called "Vin," thus saving a cent.

Explained

Judge—The Prisoner seems to be drugged.
Officer—Yes, sur, I drug him five blocks.

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The Rankin twins, Enid and Ned, of Tono, Washington. They both take care of Master John, who says he's quite as important as any twins.

An old Indian living on the reservation near Hot Springs, S. D., recently wrote the agent there that he had been trying to save up one cent a year, but finds he has not succeeded as he is now seventy-five years old and has saved up only 50 cents. At that, he has done better than a good many white people.

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News About All of Us

Rock Springs

LeRoy McTee underwent a minor operation at the Wyoming General Hospital on Saturday, March 31st.

Clinton Randolph has purchased a Buick Coach.

The following homes are under quarantine for scarlet fever: G. L. Stevenson, F. A. Hunter, Harry James and William Wilde.

Joseph Dyett has been on the sick list for the past month.

Mrs. E. H. Roeseler has returned from a visit with relatives in Laramie.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collins are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son born at their home on Second Street, Monday, April 2nd.

Norma Young, Robert Outsen and Wright Dickinson have returned to school at Laramie after having visited with their parents here.

Dan and William Hackett and Matt Morrison motored to Salt Lake City on March 31st and returned April 2nd. Emanuel Zancanella and family have gone to LaBarge, where they expect to locate. James Smith has moved into the house vacated by Mr. Zancanella on 9th Street.

George Carr has been confined to his home the past ten days with an attack of flu.

Mrs. Thos. Crofts was entertained at a birthday party at her home at No. 6, in honor of her 75th birthday, on Tuesday, April 3rd.

Clarence Johnson and family visited with relatives in Cumberland, April 1st and 2nd.

Mrs. H. E. Mosteller and daughter, Judson, have gone to Ogden, Utah, for the benefit of the latter's health.

Charles Highley, who was recently injured in No. 4 Mine, has now recovered and has returned to work.

Dr. H. J. Arbogast has returned from a short visit with relatives in Crowley, Colorado.

Miss Harriet Outsen visited with her sister, Mrs. John Keeler, in Kemmerer, April 1st and 2nd.

Mrs. Ben T. Card entertained a number of children at a birthday party in honor of the eleventh birthday of her daughter, Margaret, on Wednesday, March 21st.

John Kudar has been confined to his home for the past two weeks with an attack of lumbago.

F. B. McVicar and E. J. Reber motored to Kemmerer on Tuesday, April 10th, where they attended a Masonic lodge meeting.

Flora, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carter, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Wyoming General Hospital and has now returned to her home, where she is rapidly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Powell were called to Superior on Monday, April 9th, due to the serious accident to Mr. Powell's brother, Obie.

J. A. Williams and family have moved from Rainbow Avenue to a house in Wardell Court.

John O. Holen has purchased an Essex Coupe.

Mike Unguren and Nick Simon visited with friends in Kemmerer, April 1st.

William Paulenko underwent a minor operation at the Wyoming General Hospital, March 31st.

Cumberland

Mrs. Wilcox of Rock Springs has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. French.

Sam Moore, Sr., has been admitted to Kemmerer Hospital suffering with a severe attack of pneumonia.

Andrew Peternell is driving a new Master Buick car.

Mrs. Fred Robinson has been seriously ill for several

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weeks with rheumatic fever.

The ladies of the Sewing Club entertained their husbands at a card party on Saturday, April 7th, at No. 1 Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Ackerlund won first prize, Mrs. Kuhlman and John Campbell won second. A delicious lunch was served at midnight.

Mesdames Walsh, Brown, Giorgis, and Homan entertained the Sewing Club during the month.

Mrs. Asunta Viventi is visiting her daughter in Tailorville, Illinois.

A son was born March 16th to Mr. and Mrs. Ferrel Wilde. He has been named Doral George after his two grandfathers, Superintendent George Blacker and George Wilde.

Ruth and Buster Moore, Fay and Wilma Boam, Dora Ackerlund and Merwin Marochi are recovering from scarlet fever.

Annie Bergunt, 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Bergunt, passed away at Kemmerer Hospital Wednesday, April 11th. Annie had only been ill for a week and it was a shock to the community to learn of her death. She had been a resident of Cumberland the past twelve years. Funeral services were held at No. 1 Hall, Sunday, April 15th, at two o'clock. Interment was made at Kemmerer Cemetery.

Lawrence Maupin of Spokane, Washington, has arrived to attend the funeral of Miss Annie Bergunt.

Little Jimmie Reese is improving rapidly from an attack of double pneumonia. Friends hope that he will soon be able to return home from Ogden Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnson and children of Rock Springs spent April 1 with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyartis have motored to Salt Lake City. Mr. Lyartis will submit to an operation while there.

Pete Galassi and Asunta Viventi have returned from Salt Lake City.

Reliance

The Woman's Club held its monthly card party March 27th. The prizes were won by Mrs. C. H. Durham and Jack Forbes of Rock Springs; Dr. J. Fuhrer and Louise Anderson; Cecil'a Sprowell and James McPhie.

Frank Craig was removed to the Wyoming General Hospital where he is receiving medical treatment for pneumonia. He is very much improved at time of writing.

Miss Ramona Simpson, teacher of mathematics in the High School, left for Chicago, where she has accepted a position in the University of Chicago. The students miss Miss Simpson, but they all wish her great success.

Those having birthday parties during the past month were: Junior Zelenka, Leona McComas, and Evelyn Zeiher.

State Mine Inspector Lyman Fearn and Assistant Mine

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Rock Springs, Wyo.

Inspector Dave Wilson were here on official business this month.

Miss Erma Gardner of Hartford, Kansas, who is teaching in place of Miss Ramona Simpson, arrived here Sunday, April 8th. She is a graduate of the Kansas State Teachers College of Emporia, Kansas. The community welcomes her to Reliance.

Mike Korogi, who received several broken bones in his foot while at work Saturday morning, April 7th, was moved to Wyoming General Hospital, where he will have to stay for several weeks.

The Girl Scout bake sale held at the store here, March 17th, proved to be a financial success.

Daisy Grosso visited with Miss Vera Fletcher of Rock Springs recently.

Miss Margaret Kelly has been ill and unable to attend classes.

Mrs. John Reese attended the L. D. S. Conference in Salt Lake City.

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Hanna

Mrs. G. E. Bullock and son Billy returned home on March 15th from Utah, where Billy has been undergoing medical treatment. He is greatly improved in health.

We are proud of the showing our basketball boys made at tournament. They did better this year than before, winning four games. The team consists of Oliver Salo, Uno Lehti, James Campbell, John Crawford, Joseph Dickinson, Evor Kumpali, John Milliken and Robert Milliken.

The following people who have undergone operations at the Hanna Hospital during the month are getting along nicely: Mrs. Wm. Nelson, Mrs. Weimer, Mrs. H. Morris and Mr. Wm. Jones.

Charles Stebner of Denver University is spending his spring vacation with his mother, Mrs. F. E. Ford.

Dr. McDermott, surgeon of Omaha, Nebraska, is visiting here with his nephew, Dr. B. V. McDermott.

Miss Hilda Malberg has entered the University of Wyoming for the spring term.

Miss Pearl Nelson of Denver came home on account of her mother's illness; she will remain here till her mother recovers from her operation.

A farewell party was given by the women of the Mooseheart Legion in honor of Mrs. Ed. Edwardson who departed for Sheridan, Wyoming.

Eight Hour Day was celebrated on April 2nd. An address was given in the Finn Hall by Harry Fox, President of the State Federation of Labor, and there was a free picture show and candy and oranges for the children.

Mr. Frank Hayes, of the National Federation of Labor, gave a talk in the theatre on April 3rd, which was followed by a free dance.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church held a social meeting at the home of

Miss Mabel Massey and Veline Campbell of Hanna vacationing in California.

Mrs. Joseph Briggs on Wednesday, March 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norris and son returned from Denver with a new Graham-Paige Sedan.

Eric Lepponen returned from Chicago where he has been attending the Chicago Conservatory of Music. He will attend again in the fall.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Kinsen was very ill during the month.

A farewell party was given by the members of the First Aid on Monday, April 2nd, in honor of Andrew Royce, who has accepted a position in Winton. He was presented with gifts by the First Aid Club and the Girl Scouts. Mr. and Mrs. Royce will be greatly missed in this community but the good will of their friends goes with them to their new location.

St. Margaret's Guild of the Episcopal Church held a tea and Easter sale at the First Aid Hall on Saturday, April 7th.

The High School orchestra and Glee Clubs gave a spring concert, "The Aurora," at the theatre on Easter Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barton entertained about forty of their friends at their Silver Wedding Anniversary on March 25th. They received many beautiful gifts of silverware. Games were enjoyed by the party, after which a delicious lunch was served.



Miss Mabel Massey and Veline Campbell of Hanna vacationing in California.

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Memorial Day will soon be here.

Don't forget Mother's Day, May 13th, and Memorial Day, May 30th.

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Easter services were held in the Methodist and Episcopal churches on Easter Sunday, morning and evening.

Some of the proud owners of new cars are: Almo Barton, Jas. Harrison, Arthur Boam, Albert Gaskell and Eli Johnson.

Vincent Lucas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lucas, is on the sick list this month.

The small baby of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Varvandakis is sick with scarlet fever in Denver.

Beautiful Calla lilies were received from Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dickinson of Oakland, California, on Easter Sunday. They were sent to the different churches and greatly appreciated.

The Bureau of Mines Safety Car is in town and meetings are being held every evening for the men and classes in the afternoon for the women and the Boy and Girl Scouts.

Visitor: "I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this apartment?"

Hostess: "Yes, they asked George seven times last week."



Bill Martina of Tono says he's anxious to have Supt. Matt Medill of Reliance take a good look at this fish, and a certain other fisherman of Reliance by the name of Grosso too—and produce something better if they can.

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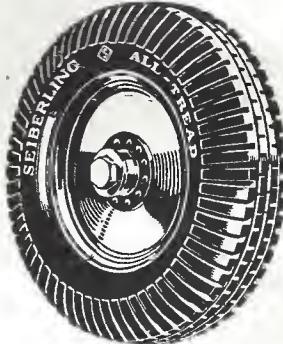
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Superior

Mrs. Paul Pecolar and children have gone to Fresno, California, for a visit with Mr. Pecolar. Mr. Pecolar has been in California for some time for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Walter Weimer was called to her home in Girard, Kansas, by the death of her father; her Superior friends wish to extend their sympathy to Mrs. Weimer and her relatives.

Mrs. Thomas Smith and son, Tommy Joe, are visiting at Mrs. Smith's home in Denton, Texas.

The Superior and South Superior postoffices were consolidated and opened on April 1st as Superior postoffice. Mrs. L. R. Moore is postmistress.

Mr. Obie Powell was seriously injured in "B" Mine on April 9th. At this writing he is getting along as well as can be expected and his many friends hope that he will soon be better.

Mrs. Jas. P. Roddy and children have returned to Superior to live.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawson celebrated their thirteenth wedding anniversary on April 1st. Friends enjoyed games and cards and extended their congratulations.



The H. A. Wylam family, of Superior, on vacation. They are Vella, now in training at the Denver City Hospital, H. A. Wylam, Mrs. Wylam and Vera, in school at Greeley, Colorado; Master Harry in front.

Tono

Mrs. Mardicott is improving slowly at her home and is now able to see the many friends who have missed her from community gatherings.

Mrs. William Hudson and Mrs. James Jello have returned home from the hospital.

Mrs. D. Davis entertained at bridge on Thursday, March 29th, prizes going to Mrs. Bert Holmes, Mrs. F. Planetta, and Mrs. James Corcoran.

Miss Vera Boardman entertained a group of friends Thursday, March 22nd, prizes for games going to Victoria Flora and Edna Macki, Carroll Friend and Jack Holmes.

Mrs. E. C. Way and Mrs. Fern Boardman made their monthly visit to the library at Olympia to exchange books. The library is open every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

Miss Ethel Nickelsson of Centralia visited with her sister, Mrs. John Porich, recently.

Mrs. Frank Tamblin recently entertained at her home the following: Mesdames Joe Mossop, James Sheldon, John Hudson, George Paul, Harry Warren, Wm. Forsythe, Steve Androsko, Miss Edna Seip and Mrs. John Fusco of Centralia.

Joan Phyllis Porich, a little beauty of Tono, Washington.

The rainy season is nearly over in Tono but it is wet while it lasts.

Salmon fishing was the diversion of most of the men folks for Eight Hour day. Bill Martina is said to hold the record for size of fish secured.

Tono has no need of alarm clocks on fishing mornings. The who of who and how of how in the matter of the next Presidential election would seem to be engaging the attention of Tono folks. Mr. E. C. May is Republican Committeeman for this district.



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Also the Victory Six \$1,045 to \$1,170 and the Senior Six \$1,570 to \$1,770

Mrs. Claude Adams and children visited with friends in Centralia recently.

High excitement reigned in the Tono school when Mr. E. C. Way announced that the boys of the Seventh and Eighth grades accompanied by Professor R. O. Ingersoll might make a trip to Vancouver, British Columbia, as a school continuation.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Sherrick and children motored to Priest Point Park for a recent week-end.

The Tono Camp Fire girls were honor guests at a Tenino Camp Fire ceremonial meeting recently. Miss Florence Morrison, guardian and Miss Dorothy Arneill, assistant guardian, accompanied the girls, who enjoyed this meeting with sisters who "follow the law of the fire."

Mrs. John Fusco and Mrs. Joe Mossop entertained at the home of Mrs. John Fusco, Centralia, on Saturday evening, April 7th. Five hundred was played. Mrs. J. W. Forsythe and Mr. Joe Mossop were awarded first prizes and Mrs. Anna Friend and Mr. William Fusco consolation. After a very enjoyable evening at cards the table was
(Continued on opposite page)



Charles and Venetia Dahlstrom, grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson, Tono.

I am The Office Duster

One more month of practice for the First Aid contest.

Winton's news will be missed by everybody. And Winton had so many pleasant things to tell.

Next time we need the help of some good propagandists we'll send for Messrs. E. R. Rogers, Dave Gilfillan and Wm. Barber, the golden voiced orators of Tono.

Old Timers' Day, June 9th.

Of All the Necessities of Life—

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The daily expense of the average family for Electric Service is about equal to the price of a shoe shine.

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The Reliance fishermen say that the proof of fish like the "proof of the pudding" is "in the eating", so they can't tell about those Tono salmon until they taste 'em.

Folks are like trains—they are at their best when on the level.

Rock Springs is getting ready for the Old Timers.

We miss Matt Morrow from this issue. What's gone wrong with the Superior correspondent?

Look for the news of the Reliance carnival in the next magazine.

(Continued from opposite page)
spread with a beautiful center piece of Easter lilies and spring foliage. Place cards were used in the form of Easter eggs and those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tamblyn, Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. William Martina, Mrs. George Paul, Mrs. Willbert Friend, Mr. William, Steve and Joe Fusco of Tono, Miss Eleanor Sarvela of Winlock, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Androsko, Mr. Steve Androsko and Miss Helen Androsko and Mr. John Fusco of Centralia.

Members of the Community Club, one of the oldest organizations in Tono, enjoyed an evening of 500 recently. Prizes were won by Mrs. Chas. Richardson, Mrs. Hans Peterson and Mrs. Al Colvin. Those present were: Mesdames Bill Barber, James Corcoran, Joe Edwards, Andy Sherrick, Hans Peterson, John Porich, William Hale, Leonard Lockhart, Al Colvin, Perry Richardson, Pat Barrett, Harry Warren, Chas. Richardson, Ed Cook, Henry Warren, Jack Grimm, Francis Felani, Minnie Johnston, Wm. Forsythe, Bert Boardman, Fred Planetta, Chas. Smith, E. C. Way, Tom Warren and C. H. Sandosky.

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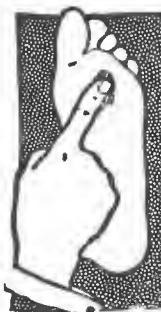
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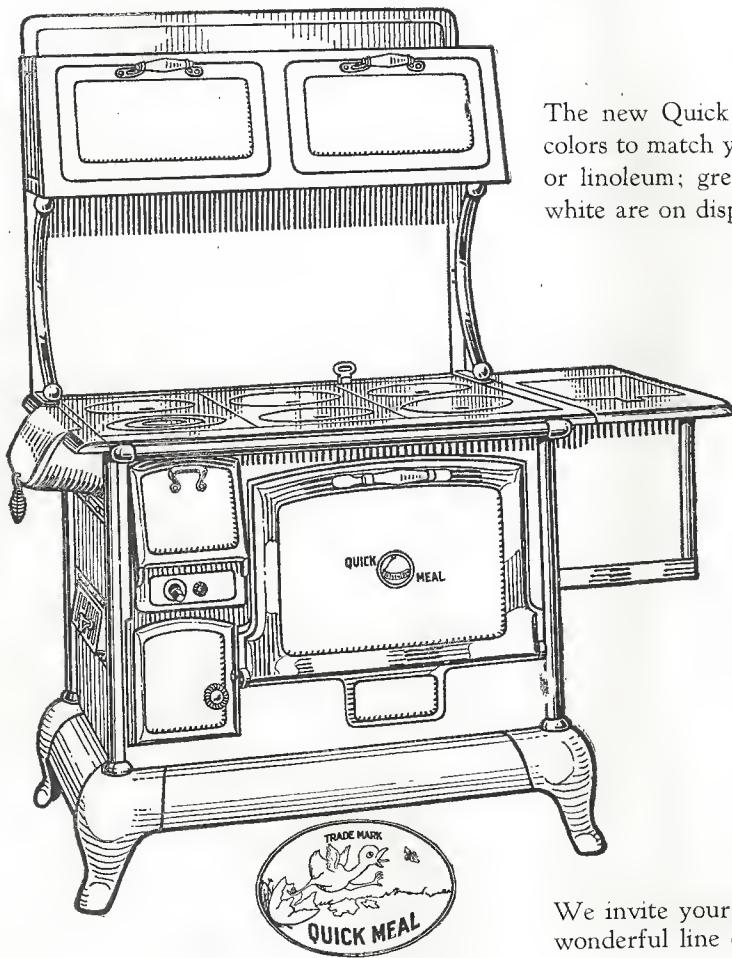
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